The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* December *will be noticed in the* January *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th January *in the* February *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Scribner have already begun the press work of the sumptuous new subscription edition of all Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works, which they recently contracted with the author to produce early next year. For the purposes of this edition Mr. Kipling has entirely rearranged his stories, and amongst other changes, "In the Rukh" will be placed in its proper position at the end of "The Second Jungle Book." We hear that Messrs. Scribner propose to call the edition "The Outward Bound." The paper on which the books are to be printed will all be watermarked with Mr. Kipling's initials.

"Sentimental Tommy" will have a sequel in due time, but it is probable that Mr. Barrie will write another and shorter work in the interval, in which he will enter a new field. Whatever he writes will first appear in *Scribner's Magazine.*

It has been announced that Messrs. Constable are to pay Dr. Nansen £10,000 for his forthcoming book. We understand that an eminent London firm has agreed to pay Mr. E. A. FitzGerald, the American explorer, £2,000 for his next work.

Ian Maclaren's lecture tour in America has been almost unprecedentedly successful. The receipts in Chicago for three nights amounted to 8,000 dollars. Miss Gilder, in the New York *Critic*, says that the reason for Dr. Conan Doyle's comparative failure as a lecturer was that his readers are not made up of a lecture-going public. Complaints are made by the religious newspapers that owing to his arrangement with Major Pond, Ian Maclaren is not allowed, as a rule, to preach on Sundays.

The many admirers of the late Miss Rossetti will be interested to know that there is in existence an unpublished story of girl-life written by her when she was about twenty years of age. It is entitled "Maude," and is as, might be expected, of a more or less religious tendency. A specially interesting feature is that it contains many early lyrics and poems. The book will eventually be published by Mr. James Bowden. We understand that Mr. Bowden does not claim for the book that it is in any way representative of the poet's powers as they were in maturity. On the contrary, he wishes it to be known that the novel or story is in many respects immature and crude, as might be expected from work produced at so early an age. But he believes that the book will be found extremely interesting to those who wish to study the development of Miss Rossetti's genius, for it contains the embryo of poems and ideas which we re afterwards worked out more fully and more perfectly in her other books. Mr. William Michael Rossetti, Miss Rossetti's literary executor, has very courteously accorded his permission for the publication of the book, on the understanding that it is put forward only as a youthful work, and has been good enough to contribute a short preface giving the book's history and genesis.

The Christmas number of the *Daily Mail* should startle many who regard the form of a daily paper as unchanging and unchangeable. Mr. Harmsworth's present intention is to issue the paper bound like a weekly in a coloured wrapper. Powerful short stories—notably a contribution by Mr. Rudyard Kipling—will help to make one of the most startling issues of a morning newspaper on record. It is still said that the price of the *Daily Mail* is to be raised to a penny on June 1st next; but this is not absolutely decided. Mr. Harmsworth has many things to consider before he settles that great question.

The historical committee of the Irish Literary Society is busy with an important work on the materials of Irish history, arranged on much the same plan as is Messrs. Gardiner's and Bull Mullinger's "Introduction to English History." The history of Ireland is to be divided into eight main sections, and in each section are to be enumerated the contemporary authorities, the later writers who have had access to documents now lost, and the chief modern writers. Some account will be given of each writer, his position will be carefully and impartially stated, his sources of information as far as possible be pointed out, and a summary given of his chief works. Special attention will be given to authorities and documents which are still unpublished or not easily to be consulted.

The Christmas number of the *Saturday Review* will contain a story by Bret Harte, called "The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras"; a poem by Mr. Kipling, called "The Bell Buoy"; a sketch by Thomas Hardy, and short stories by John Oliver Hobbes, Frank Harris, and Harold Frederic. Mr. Max Beerbohm will contribute a series of parodies on Marie Corelli, Richard Le Gallienne, Ian Maclaren, George Meredith, and himself.

We understand that the rumours which have been floating about that the *Saturday Review* was for sale are entirely without foundation.

Mr. Edwin Pugh has written a story of adventure which palpitates with action and the life of the road. Mr. Henley,

among others, has expressed delight at an exhibition of power so versatile.

Mr. G. W. Cable, the American novelist, will probably pay a visit to this country in October of next year. Mr. Cable will give readings from his works. He is a very effective interpreter of his own writings, and invariably commands large audiences in America.

Mr. Cable has commenced a new ten cent magazine entitled the *Symposium*. Mr. Barrie will contribute to an early number.

Messrs. Stone and Kimball, of New York, have started a daily paper entitled the *Tatler*, which is to be wholly devoted to literature and art. It will be of small size, and Mr. Howells will contribute an article to the first number. The paper is intended to be very frank in its criticisms, and one of the first subjects it will deal with is "The Inartistic Get-up of American Books.

According to the last accounts from America 15,000 copies had been sold of "Sentimental Tommy," and 30,000 of "Kate Carnegie." Mr. Kipling's "Seven Seas" was also being well received.

An American firm of publishers issue a detective story entitled "The Black Box," which they say is written by Maarten Maartens. We believe there is no foundation for this statement. Mr. Maartens never wrote a line of the book.

Mr. S. S. McClure has postponed the appearance of a serial life of Christ in his magazine for two years, but the work is being proceeded with.

It is curious that Eugene Field's child poems have not attained a wider popularity in England. In America they sell better than almost any other books of native authorship.

The title of the new novel which Sir Walter Besant has written for publication in the *Illustrated London News* during the early part of next year is "A Fountain Sealed."

Sir Walter is, we believe, still busy with the first volume of "The Survey of London." This great undertaking occupies a considerable portion of his time, and on most days of the week he is to be found in his room at Messrs. A. and C. Black's offices in Soho Square, surrounded with maps, plans, and all kinds of books dealing with London and its institutions.

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman has recently completed the MS. of a new novel, to which he has given the title of "In Kedar's Tents." It will first appear in this country in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*. In America it will be published serially in the pages of THE BOOKMAN, and afterwards in volume form by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's short novel, "Hilda Strafford," which was recently published serially in this country in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and simultaneously in America in the *Cosmopolitan*, is now being translated into Danish, and we understand that a Danish translation of the story is about to be published in Copenhagen.

Mr. Frankfort Moore's collection of stories about famous actresses of bygone days will shortly be published by Mr. Pearson under the title of "The Impudent Comedian." One of these stories, "Kitty Clive," originally published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, was dramatised, and ran as forepiece at one of the London theatres for several months last year. Another of the series, "Nell Gwyn," has been dramatised for a London management.

Dr. Conan Doyle has written for the *Strand Magazine* an article of a somewhat biographical character, based upon his experiences during a season upon a Peterhead whaler. It is called "Life on a Greenland Whaler."

Dr. Conan Doyle's method of work is in striking contrast to that of many authors whose contracts are made nowadays until the end of the century—and after. Dr. Doyle rarely pledges himself to write a story, even a short one, until the piece of work he has in hand is entirely finished. Any other course, he says, would put upon him a sense of responsibility which would tell against good results. Such a simple plan should commend itself to any author driven to the borderland of despair by a casual perusal of "Smith on Contracts."

Mr. Allen Upward is now prepared to make his interesting experiment with a novel written entirely in verse. A London publisher is being found, and the book should be a curiosity of the spring. Mr. Upward dares much. Possibly, however, he believes that daring will be its own reward.

"Nancy Noon" has rapidly gone into a second edition. Mr. Unwin has set up the type afresh. The book has been revised, will have a new preface. It was published in New York by Messrs. Scribner on the 28th of last month. Messrs. Scribner will thus copyright the book for the United States. Mr. Unwin has arranged for two further books by this author, "The Tormentor" and "The Destroyer."

Mrs. B. M. Croker's new Irish novel, "Beyond the Pale," at present running as a serial in the weekly edition of the *Times*, will be published in book form on January 15th.

The February number of the *Idler* will contain the opening chapters of Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's new serial, entitled "Shrewsbury." Mr. Weyman has been engaged on the story for considerably more than a year, and those who have seen the MS. think it is the best thing he has yet done.

Mrs. Steel's new story deals entirely with the life of the Western Hebrides. She has accomplished the somewhat difficult task of writing a Scotch story which has little Scotch in it. The novel is a great contrast to her magnificent achievement "On the Face of the Waters," but will be welcomed by all who appreciated "Red Rowans."

Mr. Louis Austin is more surprised than are his friends at the success of his delightful collection of essays recently published by Messrs. Ward and Lock. It is to be hoped that he will be persuaded now to attempt some larger emprise. Mr. Austin's keen and virile humour, his unflagging wit, and above all his exquisite sense of literary style, certainly should add some considerable work to our literature.

Mr. J. C. Snaith has laid aside his long historical novel for the moment, and is engaged upon a shorter work, which very possibly will be published by Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. in the spring. Mr. A. W. Mason's new book, originally

styled "The White Rose," is to have a new title, and to run during next year through the *Monthly Packet*.

The programme of *Cosmopolis* for 1897 will be as varied and as enterprising as it has been during the present year. Among those who have promised to contribute are Thomas Hardy, Anthony Hope, Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Sir Charles Dilke, Joseph Conrad, William Watson, I. Zangwill, W. B. Yeats, Professor Walter Raleigh, Professor Saintsbury, Maarten Maartens, Sir William Martin Conway, Professor Dowden, and others. Not to be behind, the French world of letters will be represented by Pierre Loti, Alphonse Daudet, François Coppée, and Anatole France. The Tourgueneff correspondence will develop a second series, containing unpublished letters of George Sand, Emile Zola, and Guy de Maupassant. Wyzewa, the author of a remarkable critical work, "Ecrivains Etrangers," well worthy of English translation, will also contribute. Unpublished letters of Friedrich Nietzche, the great disciple of Schopenhauer, and the founder of a new pessimistic philosophy, will be given in the French by H. Lichtenberger. On the German side there will be such writers as Björnson, Madame Marie Von Ebner-Eschenbach, Paul Heyse, and Hermann Sudermann. Mommsen will continue his learned articles, and Dr. Kuno Fischer will also write. This is, of course, not a complete programme. The editor of *Cosmopolis* will keep an eye on all movements that are in process of development or suddenly spring up, and will endeavour to keep the three great sections of the reading world in touch with all the great movements of the day. The past year has witnessed a remarkable increase in the circulation in Germany. The publication of "Weir of Hermiston," for which the publisher paid £1,000, at once assured the reading public in this country that no motives of economy would prevent the editor from carrying out his ideals.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has sailed for America to be present when Mr. Tree "opens" with the dramatized version of "The Seats of the Mighty." Mr. Parker will not publish any new story for some little time, with the exception of one short serial entitled "Cumnor's Son," which will appear in the *Graphic*. It will probably follow Mr. Bret Harte's "The Three Partners," which runs through January, February, and March of next year.

We hear that Messrs. Methuen and Co. will in future publish Lucas Malet's "The Wages of Sin."

The title of the new novel which Dr. Doyle has written for publication in the *Queen* in the early part of the new year is "Uncle Bernac, a Memory of the Empire."

A volume of autobiographical sketches by Mrs. Fields entitled "Authors and Friends" will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The authoress, whose name is indelibly associated with the great publishing house in America, divides her book into sections recalling respectively her friendship with Longfellow, Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Stowe, and Lord and Lady Tennyson. She was an honoured guest of the late Poet Laureate. She sees in Lady Tennyson, the original of the figure from which those fanciful portraits of beautiful women in the Idylls and other poems are derived, and it is certain that on one occasion she prevented Tennyson from spoiling one of his best lines.

Henry James is putting the finishing touches to a novelette of about 25,000 words, which will first appear in the Chicago *Chap Book*. It is called "What Maisie Knew." Messrs. H. S. Stone and Co. are the American publishers.

Bret Harte's next serial is called "The Three Partners," and will appear in the weekly *Graphic* in England, and in McClure's Syndicate in America.

The series of articles entitled "The White Slaves of England," which Mr. Robert Sherard has been contributing to *Pearson's Magazine*, will shortly appear in book form. Mr. James Bowden will be the publisher.

Mr. Bowden will also publish a novel dealing with Socialism and Nihilism. It is by the same author, and is entitled "The Mocking Bird."

Mr. Louis Becke is at present in London, and is staying at the Savage Club, of which he has been elected an honorary member. He leaves England almost immediately to go once more on his travels, and is not likely to return for some years.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish in the course of this month a very interesting work describing scenes in the Dolomites, the famous range of mountains in the Southern Tyrol. This is the most important work on the subject written. The Dolomites were "discovered" by Gilbert and Churchill. Sinigaglia many years ago published a brochure on the subject. This has been materially expanded in the translated form, so as almost to make of this edition a unique and original work. It has an introduction by Mr. Edmund J. Garwood, dated from Spitzbergen whither Mr. Garwood had gone in the track of the Conway expedition. The work has among other illustrations *thirty-two* collotypes after photographs by Sinigaglia and others. Sinigaglia should be known to English readers from the fact of his being in the company of Carrell during that famous ascent of the Italian side of the Matterhorn which cost Carrell his life.

The Von. Bulow Letters will be out shortly. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is the publisher.

A new edition of Marie Corelli's "The Mighty Atom," completing 83,000 copies, is being prepared. 32,000 copies of "Cameos" have been issued.

Mr. Boothby has written a series of stories for publication in *Pearson's Magazine*. The series will commence in January, and run throughout the year.

Mr. Max Pemberton has also written a series of six stories for publication in the same periodical. The general title of the series is "Queen of the Jesters."

Major Hume's book on "The Year after the Armada" (Unwin) has gone into a second edition. The book on Queen Elizabeth is in a fourth edition.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will shortly publish a new characteristic story by the American novelist, Sarah Jewitt. It is entitled "The Country of the Pointed Firs."

Messrs. Hutchinson will shortly publish a new historical romance by A. L. Glyn, entitled, "A Pearl of the Realm." A translation of Victor Cherbuliez's novel, "With Fortune Made," by M. E. Sinkins, will be issued by the same house.

"The Quaker Grandmother" (Hutchinson), the new novel by Mrs. Mannington Caffyn ("Iota"), is already in its fourth edition.

Mr. Boulger's "Life of Gordon" has gone into a second edition. Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Reminiscences is selling well.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., is to be the guest of the Vagabonds' Club at the December dinner, and other gentlemen occupying representative positions in literature have also been invited. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome will be chairman, and ladies as well as gentlemen will be present on this occasion.

"In Childhood's Country" is the title of a new book of poems which will be published shortly by Mr. James Bowden in England, and by Messrs. Copeland and Day in America. The author is Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, and the illustrations are to be a special feature, being by an artist whose work has attracted quite unusual attention in America. The book is somewhat upon the lines of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse."

Madame Daudet, the wife of Alphonse Daudet, has written some extremely interesting Reminiscences of the reception which she and her husband received on the occasion of their recent visit to England. The book is charmingly illustrated, and a translation will shortly be issued in this country by Mr. James Bowden. Miss M. A. Belloc (Mrs. Lowndes) has the work in hand.

We hear that the American edition of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's "Mere Stories" is to be published under the title of "An Octave."

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

OCTOBER 26 TO NOVEMBER 21, 1896.

On all hands satisfaction is expressed at the general and sustained improvement in trade, the period under consideration comparing favourably with the corresponding time of the previous year. Whether or no bicycling is the bookseller's enemy, it is certain that it cannot have affected him lately, as the state of the roads does not encourage that form of exercise. With the exception of a lull during the week ending on the 14th, the foreign and colonial departments have been busily employed making the final consignments for the Christmas trade.

The number of new books and new editions (the former, of course, largely predominating), published during the last month may be roughly stated as 1,000, the largest ever known, and has certainly trebled during the memory of the writer. A large percentage of the books published were 6s. novels.

Since the three volume novels have disappeared, the issue of new fiction in the 6s. form has been very successful, and continues to be so. An attempt is being made to revive the 3s. 6d. form, but it is doubtful if the large royalties now paid to the leading authors will permit of this being done. The French practice of bringing out novels in paper covers has been tried in some instances, but has not been favourably received.

Notwithstanding the large number of 6s. novels already on sale, there are still many to come for the present season and in the New Year, including a work by Marie Corelli. Continental Fairy Tales are much in favour at the present time, Norway, Finland, and Denmark being noticeable as providing new matter in this direction. Fashion in title-pages points at the moment to what may be called for want of a better name, the "Mediæval descriptive title-page." A glance at "A Gentleman's Gentleman," for example, will show what is here meant.

The quantity of musical publications now sold (that is, Hymn Tune Books and the like) is very noticeable, pointing to the wonderful spread of musical education during the last twenty or twenty-five years.

The stage is just now a good friend of the bookseller. The great success of "Trilby" may be traced in some degree to its being dramatised, and reversing the order of things, the demand in advance for Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross" is entirely owing to its having been first performed.

Drawing-room Table Books are being published in small numbers. Evidently something to be read and enjoyed is preferred to that which can only be looked at.

Coulson Kernahan's "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil" has had a wonderful run, and has caused considerable enquiry for the same author's "God and the Ant."

New magazines are being brought out as quickly as ever, each one finding a public (remunerative or otherwise) awaiting it. The magazine is a very important item in the bookselling of to-day. The *Woman at Home*, the *Windsor Magazine*, the *Strand Magazine*, and the newly-issued *Temple Magazine* are great favourites, while the *Quiver* and other older established periodicals have renewed their youth, and continue in the front rank.

Blackie's 5s. and 6s. books (especially those by Henty) and F. V. White's 6s. books are the favourites for the boys.

As might have been expected, the motor-car movement has been signalised by the publication of several treatises on the subject, which have been disposed of in good numbers.

With the present brisk trade, it is really a difficult matter to decide on the books to be included in the list appended. The result of the most reliable, and consequently the best information, is given below:—

Limitations. By E. F. Benson. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By Flora Anna Steel. 6s. (This is the favourite at the time of writing.)
Rodney Stone. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
Soldier Tales. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. 5s.
The Grey Man. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The Herb Moon. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s.
Carissima. By Lucas Malet. 6s.
Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. 6s.
The Mistress of Brae Farm. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s.
Paula. By Victoria Cross. 6s.
Kitty the Rag. By "Rita." 6s.
The Quaker Grandmother. By "Iota." 6s.
The Heart of Princess Osra. By A. Hope. 6s.
London Pride. By M. E. Braddon. 6s.
The Final War. By L. Tracy. 6s.
What was the Gunpowder Plot? By J. Gerard. 6s.
History of the Church of England. By H. O. Wakeman. 7s. 6d.
Robert Browning's Poems. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.
The Sign of the Spider. By B. Mitford. 3s. 6d.
The Reds of the Midi. By F. Gras. 3s. 6d.
Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. By C. K. Shorter. 7s. 6d.
The Haunt of Ancient Peace. By Emma Marshall. 5s.
Only Susan. By Emma Marshall. 5s.
The Old Testament and Modern Life. By S. A. Brooke. 6s.
Triumphant Certainties. By Dr. A. Maclaren. 5s.
Life, etc., of Dr. Magee. 2 vols. 32s.
Auto-cars. By D. Farman. 5s.
The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil. By C. Kernahan. 1s.
God and the Ant. By C. Kernahan. 1s.
Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels. 2s. and 2s. 6d.
Service and Paton's 2s. 6d. Series: Jane Eyre, etc.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Oct. 31, 1896.—Trade continues brisk and well sustained in all departments.
Nov. 7, „ —A busy week, but hardly as good as the last, so far as the home trade is concerned. Foreign and Colonial orders heavy.
„ 14, „ —Home trade a little easier. Foreign and Colonial trade not so brisk.
„ 21, „ —A heavy week. Christmas annuals making parcels very bulky. Foreign and Colonial improved.

THE READER.

MY LITERARY HERESIES.

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

THE Editor requests me to contribute a paper on "My Literary Heresies," though, like Mr. Andrew Lang, I "am not consciously guilty of any." *Chapter I.: Literary Heresies of Mr. Andrew Lang*—"Mr. Lang has no literary heresies." *Chapter II.: Literary Heresies of Mr. Quiller-Couch*—"There are no such things." A symposium (with nothing to drink) of heretics unconscious of heresy promises to be a moderately dull entertainment—until the heretics begin to see each other home! But the Editor promises no such harlequinade. To be sure, those who succeed Mr. Lang and me may electrify the world with their confessions. If they do I shall have missed the opportunity of the fabled Scotsman who, at a Salvation Army meeting, after listening to a bench-load of penitents, "felt a reasonable shyness in announcing that his past life had been, humanly speaking, pairfect."

I suppose—to put it in the Aristotelian manner—that the really satisfactory heretic ought to adjust his heresy to a nice mean between excess and defect. The *Academy's* reviewer who called Victor Hugo "the most notorious of nobodies," erred patently on the side of excess. The New England farmer who told Emerson that he doubted if there were twelve men in the State of Massachusetts who could have written *Hamlet*, erred as patently on the side of defect. But, to be quite frank, I see no reason for calling myself an heretic at all; since to be an heretic you must choose in defiance of recognised authority; and where is your recognised authority? Mr. Birrell asserts, in his second volume of *Obiter Dicta*, that to him the story of the Fall of Man, as recorded in the Semitic legend, is more attractive as a story than the Tale of Troy. Well, to me it isn't. He finds "the rebellion of Satan and his dire revenge" more to his mind than the circles of Dante. I find it less, to *my* mind. Eve he thinks "more interesting than 'Heaven-born Helen, Sparta's queen'—I mean in herself, and as a woman to write poetry about." I don't; and I believe myself capable of giving reasons why I don't, if that were necessary. But who is to decide between us? There is of course what I may call a Common Law of criticism, a body of traditions of taste built up and confirmed, from time to time, by the decisions of acknowledged judges of literature. But, like the Common Law of England, it moves slowly; and the impatient are apt to prevent it by hasty appeal to the passer-by, by what Carlyle called "appeal to Molière's maid: 'Do *you* like it? *Don't* you like it?'" If I wish to justify myself against Mr. Birrell in preferring Helen of Troy above Eve "as a woman to write poetry about," I must, by argument, establish my preference on first principles, and, having done my best, await the slow decision.

And in time this Common Law of criticism overtakes and over-rules Molière's maid, and decides who shall, and who shall not, be considered a classic. Its decisions represent the average opinion of a succession of good judges; and because I do my poor best to influence future decisions it does not follow that I quarrel with decisions of the past. Heaven forbid, indeed! Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton—these by consent are stars of the first magnitude. If as yet I am but dimly aware of the full magnitude of Milton—if as yet I cannot digest large portions of "Paradise Lost," I am not therefore idiot enough to give up the attempt and cease to hope for a better mind. It is the same with Pope, with Byron. I cannot yet read either with absolute pleasure. Homer I can:—

Ταὶ δ' ἂρ' ἀπ' ἅμαξης
Εἵματα χερσὶν ἕλοντο, καὶ ἐσφόρεον μέλαν ὕδωρ κ.τ.λ.

"Then they took the clothes from the cart, in their hands, and carried them to the black water, and trod them in the troughs briskly, calling out and challenging one another. Now when they had washed and cleansed all the stains, in order they spread the clothes all along by the salt-sea strand, there where the sea scrubbed the pebbles clean against the shore. So, having bathed and anointed with olive oil, they took their dinner by the banks of the river, while they waited for the clothes to dry in the sun's rays. Anon when they had enough of food, the maidens and the princess, they fell to playing at ball, casting away their coifs; and among them Nausicaa the white-armed began the song . . . ."

Even in bald prose this seems to me beautiful; and, as Pater reminded us once, Homer was always telling things after this manner. "One might think that there had been no effort in it; that here was but the almost mechanical transcript of a time naturally, intrinsically poetic, a time in which one could hardly have spoken at all without ideal effect," or a band of girls have washed household linen without making "a picture in the great style, against a sky charged with marvels." For me, when I read the sophisticated version of Pope or Brome, all this native magic has departed—

"Then emulous, the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cooling wave
(The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand!).
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil;
And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play
(Their shining veils unbound). Along the skies,
Toss'd and retoss'd the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast; Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And warbling sweet, makes earth and heaven rejoice."

I cannot, and never could, take more than a polite but distant interest in verse of this sort. It amuses me for the moment, but for proper appreciation in these days it wants the *connoisseur*, and I am not one. You may complain that I pick out a translated passage for my illustration. I do so because it makes comparison easy; but, alas! my case is not so very much better when Pope himself is speaking, and at his best.

"Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives thee not to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now. . . ."

What a superb way of talking! How magnificent in itself and how salutary in its day! It impresses me now, and in time I devoutly hope it will find in me the reader it deserves. But it does not—yet; and Pope is not often so severely simple. The truth is, that I have never yet been able to cultivate a real liking for rhetoric. This is not a heresy, but a natural disability. I am conscious of it again when I try to read Byron, though the moments of extorted admiration are rarer. Byron swore by Pope, and his oath was the reasonable homage paid by a great rhetorician to his master.

The same deficiency dulls my taste for poetical satire, in whatever language written; or rather, I have a double dis-

taste for it, since poetical satire usually means rhetoric *plus* scolding, and scolding in real life or in literature, in the Sunday sermon or in "The Taming of the Shrew," very soon gets on my nerves. Horace doesn't scold; but, all the same, I have no taste for his Satires, though I cannot imagine myself tiring of the Odes, and though I verily believe that in the Ars Poetica a writer can find all he needs to know about writing. Juvenal—we seem to be touching something like heresy at length—is to me little more than a wilderness; and yet something more, for he is a howling one. And let luck explain how Persius has contrived to endure until the present day, and be a classic all the time! I feel that one who dislikes Juvenal owes an apology to public taste. The man is a gorgeous rhetorician, and Carlyle himself cannot beat him in brief and savage portraiture. But I will stand to my gun over Persius, who *was* a dull dog; and who abused the dead so freely in his own day that we needn't scruple over flinging him a bad word in his turn. But there it shall end; of satirists let this much be said and no more.

Is it a heresy to believe that, among English poets, Samuel Daniel has shamefully lacked his deserts?—that he has lacked due appreciation even among the gallant few who by a continuous effort of bluff (as Mr. Gosse put it the other day) enforce a respect for one of the chief glories of our birth and state—a respect for poetry—upon a reluctant public? "Read Daniel, the admirable Daniel," was Coleridge's advice; and Coleridge knew. Daniel himself foresaw, as Landor foresaw of himself, that he would "dine late, but with a company fit though few"—

> "And for the few that only lend an ear,
> That few is all the world; which with a few
> Doth ever live, and move, and work, and stir.
> . . . . . .
> And for my part, if only one allow
> The care my lab'ring spirits take in this,
> He is to me a theatre large enow,
> And his applause only sufficient is:
> All my respect is bent upon his brow;
> That is my all, and all I am is his."

And that is surely the most noble attitude of the refined artist, in these days as in Daniel's. Still one would gladly enlarge, if only by one or two, the audience of the man who wrote "Ulysses and the Siren," and the "Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland."

I turn to prose fiction; and behold! it occurs to me that, after all, I am guilty of a real heresy, or of something very like one. I do honestly believe that a downright coarse story is often very funny and not seldom entirely healthy. A great deal depends on the teller, of course; and a great deal depends on the hearer; but I believe that, at decently rare intervals, a frank laugh over a "broad" story will do most people more good than harm. I am certain, at any rate, that it will do them more good than they will get by reading about Women who Did, or Didn't, or Wouldn't, or Would if they Could, or Couldn't quite tell if they Would or Wouldn't; though why by the comparison I should do such injustice—to the coarse story—I don't quite know. And I don't know—nobody knows—how much historical truth resides in Livy's story of the Rape of the Sabines and the women's subsequent intervention in the fray between their husbands and kinsfolk; but I am very sure that it contains a whole peck more of philosophical truth (*διὸ καὶ φιλοσοφώτερον κ.τ.λ.*) and is a prettier tale, to boot, than any of the neurotic novels which seem at length, and none too soon, to be passing out of vogue.

Lastly, I don't believe in the Great Public as a critic. If this be heresy, I have tried to defend it elsewhere, and must here content myself with referring the reader to the lines already quoted from Samuel Daniel.

THE PRESENT STATE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

I HAVE just returned from a five weeks' journey in America, during which I had the opportunity of meeting many American authors and publishers. Impressions formed in such circumstances are necessarily superficial, but they may be taken for what they are worth.

What strikes a traveller is the predominance of English literature everywhere. It predominated before the Copyright Act was passed, and it predominates now. The pirate's trade, which was seldom a very profitable one, is now largely interfered with, and a high standard of honour in that respect more and more prevails. But still many bookshops are filled with the stories of English writers. Prominent among these are Mr. Barrie, whose works are nearly all pirated, and that in numerous forms; Dr. Conan Doyle, who seems best known by unauthorised collections of his short stories; Miss Marie Corelli, whose books for the most part are published at a fairly high price, and Rosa Nouchette Carey, whose popularity in America is evidently very widespread, and who can be had in all forms from the dime novel to a complete and uniform edition, very decently got up. The Stores are amongst the largest pirates. They manufacture books for themselves to a considerable extent; for example, George Eliot's novels are issued by them. They also watch for the stock of bankrupt publishers, and buy up remainders. In this way they are able to sell books in large quantities at incredibly low prices, and yet realise a handsome profit on the transaction. They are not favourable to the Copyright Act, and very much resent paying a dollar and a half for "Sentimental Tommy," when they are able to get the author's other works for a trifle. Up to the publication of "Sentimental Tommy," Mr. Barrie had received in all for his books from America the magnificent sum of £50.

Nevertheless, books are sold in America, and are likely to be sold, at the higher prices, and although American authors are for the most part overshadowed by the English, there are signs of a better state of things. For example, the stories in *Scribner's Magazine* and the *Century* are this year from American pens. Mr. Richard Harding Davies contributes his first long novel to *Scribner*, and I hear excellent accounts of it. Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, the famous physician, is publishing a story of Washington and his times in the *Century*, which is described by competent judges as a great book. He has been frequently pressed to utilise his medical experience for fiction, but has firmly declined to do so. He told me, however, that traces of it would be found in this new novel. When one recalls the names of Cable, Howells,

Aldrich, Higginson, Nelson Page, and many others, one feels that America still possesses a vigorous literature of her own. It is, however, to be noted that most of those men have reached "the usual age," which, I believe, is forty-five, and some of them are beyond it. There seems to be wanting in America a body of rising authors; men of, say, twenty-five or thirty-five, with futures before them. There must be such men, but as yet they do not rise conspicuously above ground.

And this brings me to the main point I wish to make. While the machinery for introducing English authors to the American public works splendidly, so that no one who is prominently noticed in our country can escape recognition there, it seems to me that there are no adequate and effective means taken to make American authors known to the British public. Many of us not yet old can remember how we were brought up on the pirated English editions of the great American writers. Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, and a multitude more were read even more widely and admiringly in England than our own English authors. Now with a very few exceptions no living American author has a really great circulation in England. The receipts of English authors from America are often quite equal to their income at home, but if the sums received by Americans were put beside those received by Englishmen the contrast would be very great. I am convinced that this discrepancy is largely due to ignorance. In America I made acquaintance with many books and many writers of merit, of whom I had never heard before, and I learned of others with large publics of their own whose very names have never appeared in print on this side. What means should be taken to establish a more easy and direct communication it may be difficult to say, but I am certain that something might be done, and should be done quickly.

One effect of the Copyright Act has been to stop the supply of non-copyright books published at a shilling in England and America. On these many people depended for all their reading so far as new books were concerned, and it seems a mistake to leave the void altogether unsupplied. Might it not be worth while for new writers both in England and in America to agree to give away their first books, so far as the distant public is concerned? In this way I believe they would make themselves known, and prepare the way for better rewards in future. As it is hosts of meritorious novels are published in England and not reprinted in America simply because publishers are not willing to take the risk and bind themselves at the same time to pay something to the author. In the same way in England, many good American novelists, some of whom I hope shortly to introduce to the readers of THE BOOKMAN, are missing recognition. Whatever may be thought of these suggestions there can be no doubt that the thought which occupies the minds of American authors and American publishers at present is that while English literature circulates in America, American literature circulates very little in England. The magnanimity of American authors in these circumstances, and the loyal and steadfast support they have given to the Copyright Act cannot be too warmly admired. It remains true, however, that there is something wrong which ought in the interest of both countries to be set right.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

THE BRONTËS IN IRELAND AND MR. SHORTER.

BY DR. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

MR. SHORTER, in his book on "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle," has indulged in some criticisms of my book, "The Brontës in Ireland." He contends that it adds nothing to our knowledge of the Brontës in Ireland, "save only the fact that Patrick Brontë continued throughout his life in some slight measure of correspondence with his brothers and sisters." The most complete answer to this assertion is the book itself, but I propose here to contrast the assertion with the facts.

My book is limited exclusively to the Brontës in Ireland. Before its publication a few English and Scotch tourists visited the neighbourhood where the Brontës had lived in Ireland. The most notable of these was Mr. J. A. Erskine Stuart, who drew attention to the rich harvest of facts that awaited a biographer of the Irish Brontës. How far the discoveries of these enthusiastic and most able pioneers remained unheeded may be learned from the following incident. On the eve of the publication of my book, a paragraph appeared in the *Globe* to the effect that a cousin of Charlotte Brontë had been discovered near Bradford. A gentleman wrote to the *Globe* on the following day, August 19th, 1893, to state as an *undoubted fact* that he and his sister were the only surviving cousins of Charlotte Brontë, and that the correspondent had been hoaxed. The *undoubted fact* was fortified by references to Mrs. Gaskell's book, and to an assertion attributed to Charlotte that there had been no communication between her father and his Irish friends from the time he left Ireland. Such was the state of information regarding the Irish Brontës when my book appeared. They may now be as well known as the Brontës in England. Maps and photographs and plans are given of the places where they were born, and bred, and where they lived their wild, romantic lives. Full details as to their occupations, their amusements, the manner of their lives, their loves and hates, are supplied, so that each one can see for himself that the genius of the Irish Brontës was as marked, and as undeniable, as that of the novelists, only on a lower plane of culture. The Brontës in Ireland lived romances. The Brontës in England wrote novels.

Mr. Shorter represents me as going to Ireland to make "enquiries with the stories of Emily and Charlotte well in mind," and he adds, "He sought for similar traditions, and the quick-witted Irish peasantry gave him all that he wanted." And of course he points out the worthlessness of "tales picked up at random from an illiterate peasantry."

In my book it is shown that the stories came to me unsought, before a line of "Wuthering Heights" was penned by Emily Brontë, or a line of "Jane Eyre" by Charlotte. My first nurse came from among the Brontës, and the first nursery tales I ever heard were the traditional woes of little Hugh, and the romantic lives of his descendants. In fact, the first journey my brother and I ever made on foot was to see the Brontës, and fifty-four or fifty-five years ago I first saw them in their glory. ("Brontës in Ireland," p. 6, etc.)

I received the story in its present form, and wrote it out

almost as I have given it in my book, from my first classical tutor, the Rev. W. McAllister, and he heard it from the lips of Hugh himself ("Brontës in Ireland," p. 7). Mr. McAllister is one of Mr. Shorter's "illiterate peasants!" I afterwards came to be a guest in the Ballynaskeagh Manse, which was ever open to the Brontës. The Rev. David McKee, the teacher of Captain Mayne Reid,* and of a large number of other men who have risen to eminence, had the most intimate knowledge of the entire Brontë family, and of every member of it. They came to him in all their troubles ("Brontës in Ireland," p. 9), and he was, perhaps, the only man to whom they intrusted their secrets. I had abundant opportunity of knowing the Brontës well, and my companions were as deeply interested in them as I was myself. The wild, passionate, generous character of the Brontës was thoroughly appreciated in the Ballynaskeagh Manse, long before the cultured sisters made the name famous in England.

In my book I referred to journeys which I had made, in my undergraduate days, with a view to tracing "the Brontë traditions to their source," and of visits to Ireland in recent years, "with a view to reconciling points that were at variance . . . and to clear up, if possible, small matters that did not seem consistent with the main facts" ("Brontës in Ireland," p. 13). But the reconciling of points by new studies of localities, and the consulting of men like the Rev. W. J. McCracken—an old pupil of the Ballynaskeagh Manse, and a relative of the Brontës; the Rev. J. B. Lusk—now occupier of the Manse, and an ardent Brontë student; Mr. Ratcliffe—who still remembers the Brontës dancing in the glen; and Mr. Frazer, who was present at the great fight, do not supply the smallest pretext for Mr. Shorter's statement as to the manner in which I got up my book.

I should like here to restate what I have said elsewhere as to the substance of my book. It consists of two distinct parts, the *traditional* and the *historical*. In the *traditional* I have followed the method recognised by scholars. I spared no pains to find cut exactly what the traditions were, and I gave them precisely as I found them.

The *historical* part of the book begins at the point of time when Hugh Brontë passed through Dundalk, on his flight northwards (p. 76), and there is practical certainty as to his movements, and the movements of his descendants from that time forward. I was careful, while giving my authority for details in my book, to point out the limits of my evidence, and since the publication of my book I have received many letters from relatives of the Brontës in Ireland, New Zealand, and elsewhere, confirmatory of many details. But what will most interest Brontë students is the fact that the Brontë traditions have, with reasonable certainty, *been traced to their source*. On November 11th this year, Mr. David Martin, J.P., of Newry, went to Lough Erne, taking with him a photographer, and he has just sent me five photographs and an account of the Prunty, discovered in 1894 by Mr. Henry Bancroft, and referred to in the preface to the third edition of my book.

Mr. Shorter says that neither Miss Nussey nor Mr. Nicholls ever heard the stories I have narrated, and he pronounces them legendary. This is the kind of argument that carries the man who uses it too far. One of the two mentioned never heard of the Irish friends, therefore there were no Irish Brontës; and yet the Irish friends were very real, and may have been under the roof with them at Haworth. The other had no sympathy with people who either lived romances or wrote them, and it is certain that during their honeymoon in Ireland neither Charlotte nor her husband went near their Brontë relatives.

Miss Nussey told me that Charlotte never, during all the years of their intercourse, told her anything regarding her Irish relatives. Was it at all likely, then, that she would entrust her with tragic family secrets? The Brontës in England were able to keep their own secrets, and in this matter I do not know that they differed much from self-respecting Irishmen resident in London at the present day. Charlotte Brontë sat at the same table with Miss Nussey correcting the proofs of "Jane Eyre," and no confidences were asked for or given by either lady regarding the literary venture. The Brontës accepted English friendship on equal terms, and gave no particulars of their heroic Irish friends, who would have been less understood in those days than even at the present time. Miss Nussey, however, has assured me, both verbally and in writing, that Emily Brontë got her stories and caught her inspiration from her father, and this is the main point.

Mr. Shorter says "the registry of births in Co. Down records the existence of innumerable Bruntys, and of not a single Brontë." The first part of this assertion is incorrect; the second is a matter of no consequence whatever, when it is remembered that the spelling of the name even at Cambridge University is far from uniform. The discovery by the Rev. H. W. Lett, of Aghaderg Rectory, of the registry, is one of the strangest stories in connection with the Brontës, and in the hands of Mr. Lett, who is an ardent archæologist, it reads like a romance. There are many things in the registry deserving of notice. Mr. Lett kindly placed his notes at my disposal, but the limits of my work kept me to the main facts recorded on pages 158-160.

Mr. Shorter discredits the story of Hugh's visit to England to chastise the *Quarterly* Reviewer. "In the first place," he says, "the *Quarterly Review* article was published in December, 1848, after Emily was dead, and while Anne was dying. Very soon after the review appeared Charlotte was informed of its authorship, and references to Miss Rigby and the *Quarterly* are found more than once in her correspondence with Mr. Williams." Mr. Shorter here wishes it to be understood that Charlotte knew the author of the review so soon after its publication that there was no time for Hugh's visit as told. He also suggests that the condition of the family rendered it impossible.

But my statement fits in exactly with the facts he has employed to set it aside.

Here are the facts. The review was published in

* But for an accident, the story of the Brontës in Ireland would have been told by Captain Mayne Reid instead of by me. He was under a promise to visit me when the illness that ended fatally overtook him. As a book on the Brontës was not much in my line, and as he had known the Brontës well, I had promised to pass my facts over to him, and when he died I cast them aside, as I thought for ever, and only returned to the work at the request of Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll.

December, 1848. It would have reached the Ballynaskeagh Manse at the beginning of the month, and the Brontës by the second week, possibly through the pupils of the Academy.

The Brontës never delayed, and Hugh must have reached Haworth before Christmas. Hugh's money and mission must certainly have come to an end before the close of January, 1849. But on February 4th Charlotte was still in ignorance as to who wrote the diabolical review. Writing on that date to Mr. Williams, she speaks of the review as being "disgraceful to the critic," and then she adds, "He seems anxious to let it be understood that he is a person well acquainted with the habits of the upper classes. Be this as it may, I am afraid he is no gentleman; and moreover, that no training could make him such. Many a *poor man, born and bred to labour*, would disdain that reviewer's cast of feeling" (Mr. Shorter's book, p. 190). Charlotte knew exactly how her Uncle Hugh, a *man born and bred to labour*, looked on the review.

As to the state of Anne's health, my statements are proved correct by the letters now published by Mr. Shorter. On February 1st Charlotte wrote of her as "engaged with one of Frederika Bremer's tales" (p. 187), and on March 2nd she wrote, "My sister continues better" (p. 190). This exactly corresponds to what I had written as to her delicacy and state of health, without any knowledge of the letters that Mr. Shorter has produced. "During his" (Hugh's) "absence consumption had been rapidly sapping the life of the youngest girl," etc. ("Brontës in Ireland," p. 291). "Charlotte told him of Emily and Branwell," etc. (p. 292). In fact, my narrative falls in precisely with the facts disclosed by Mr. Shorter.

But the matter does not remain in the category of possible things. The visits of the Brontës to their brother at Haworth are among the most clearly ascertained Brontë facts. When Alice, the aunt of the novelists, was dying, the Rev. J. B. Lusk visited her and took down a long statement from her lips. I have that statement now before me, most of it in the quaint language in which it was spoken. "Jamie was over in England with Patrick, and told them about Charlotte when he came back. He said, 'She was tarrible sharp and inquisitive. She was fit for nothing but ornamenting a parlour.' Charlotte asked particularly about the Knock Hill and Lough Neagh. . . . Ann, the youngest, wanted to come home with Jamie. He thought it queer that she called Ireland home," etc. She also spoke of Hugh's visit to England, and of his adventures.

Mrs. Heslip, a daughter of Sara Brontë, Patrick's sister, and first cousin to Charlotte, writes me that she used to work for her Uncle Hugh, and remembers him coming to England.

Miss Maggie Shannon, of Ballynaskeagh, is a granddaughter of Walsh Brontë, and second cousin to the novelists. She is largely endowed with the literary gift of the family, and but for excessive modesty might have been heard of in the literary world long ago. She is justly proud of her ancestors, and has great stores of information regarding them, which she has inherited from her mother and other members of the family who knew the facts. She has furnished me with an independent account of Hugh's visit to England. She tells of Hugh seeing the Queen in London; of his visit to Sir John Armitage's, where he tried on Robin Hood's helmet, etc., etc. "As a memento of his visit," she concludes, "his brother presented him with a silver pencil case, and sent one to each of his two brothers at home, and silver thimbles in cases to each of his sisters. One of the pencils we have at present, and we are very pleased to have it. That visit, while life lasted, was a green spot in Hugh's memory."

I have now, I trust, demonstrated that Mr. Shorter's criticisms have not displaced a single statement I made respecting the family in "The Brontës in Ireland."

SYMPOSIUM.

THE SEVEN SEAS.*

I.

THE "Seven Seas" is a garland of poems and songs more or less nautical, to which is hung a pendant of over a dozen new "Barrack-room Ballads." I have examined it with wonder, reluctant admiration, repulsion, dismay. And, worse, I have promised to write about it—to write about admitted masterpieces which are utterly out of my line, which I can neither understand nor appreciate, which violate the literary principles which I hold most dear. How can I write with even justice—how write anything whatever to the purpose concerning works of genius which it is my wish and fixed intention always to ignore? One can be many-sided; to be every-sided is to be a mass of protoplasm or a humbug. I feel—I almost know—that my first principles are right; but I own that when they are outraged, some chemical process takes place—some effervescence, ebullition, or what not—and a mist of indifference or even prejudice is evolved to blind me to the real merits of the subject under analysis. To be perfectly catholic one must believe everything a little, but nothing very much. One critic is born a catholic; another a protestant. Each are useful beacons in their way: the one a steady reflector, too often, perhaps, a revolving light; the other an intermittent flash, which at least serves to measure the darkness. Prejudice is, of course, highly reprehensible, but after all is not without its sweet uses. No doubt if we have strong and solid reasons for disliking a work, we ought to stifle that dislike and try to take a proper interest, to put ourself in the author's place, to look out for beauties, to keep our noses against the grindstone until we feel a pleasurable friction, and so on; but we don't—and won't. Not in literature only—in everything. Thus, machinery—I admit it as an ugly, wholesome fact, but ignore it all I can. To this day I have contrived to remain blessedly ignorant of how the steam works the engine. This is prejudice, but surely harmless; for what concern have I in machines? Why should I admire them against the grain? You lure me down into the engine-room. You explain, you expatiate. I smile, I nod, I compliment, I even put in an intelligent enquiry—for courtesy makes Jesuits of us all; and you think I am vastly interested. But I am not even listening. Furtively closing my eyes against the stupid, shuddering, slavish cranks, and my nostrils against the smell, the smell, the hateful, modern, utilitarian, economically defensible smell, I muse upon white decks and pitchy fragrances, and saffron skies fretted by the slender spars and diaper cordage of the good ships of old.

Well, all this is something more than illustration, and comes near to being an allegory. For what I say to the mechanical enthusiast I would say to Mr. Kipling, if I dared. His earlier prose works, down to "Many Inventions," I studied with enthusiasm and eulogised in these columns. Of his later prose I have read nothing; of his poetry but a few fragments. And now I find it just what I feared—as clever, as powerful, as utterly inadmissible, beyond my

* "The Seven Seas." By Rudyard Kipling. (Methuen and Co.)

comprehension and remote from my sympathies. Others are more fortunate. Among the appended advertisements I seem to catch at a straw. "The 'Barrack-room Ballads,'" says a critic, "teem with imagination, they palpitate with emotion. We read them with laughter and tears; the metres throb in our pulses; the cunningly-ordered words tingle with life; and if this be not poetry, what is?" What is? Why, merely all the poetry of all the great poets—the poets whose themes, whose treatment, and whose language were all entirely poetical. With more point might we ask, If the poetry from Homer downwards which universal criticism has sanctioned be really poetry, what then is this new school of blood and iron, of slang and profanity? The New Poetry is no more poetry than the New Woman is a woman, or New Caledonia a land o' cakes. It leaves me strangely indifferent. Granted that it "teems with imagination," often grandiose and rich, sometimes, alas, undisciplined and extravagant, I cannot hear it "palpitate with emotion," but only throb with the mechanical beat of a high-pressure engine. I shed no tear—not once did I laugh—just now and then a smile at some brilliant flash of wit. The metres are well enough—often modelled on Mr. Swinburne's—but the words are too "cunningly ordered" to "tingle with life" in unsophisticated ears. Many of them I do not understand—the slang, the shibboleths of the forecastle and the barrack-room, the colonial phrases and allusions, not even all the archaic and far-fetched words which Mr. Kipling loves to revive. Sometimes the "cunning order" seems due to the exigencies of the "throbbing metre," and the result is obscurity and mystification. Alas, this straw avails not! The critic affords no ideas that I dare purloin and adapt.

There remain my careful notes on the several poems. The fire alone shall digest them. For what sincerity can harbour in the less or more of praise doled out to the details of a whole which one dislikes and deplores? Nothing seems left but to hold one's peace, or to hint very briefly—to lay down and substantiate them would require many pages—the grounds of my dissent from the main principles of this new school of poetry.

There is here no question as to those pieces in which Mr. Kipling adheres to orthodox poetical traditions, as in dignified lyrics like his "Dedication" and "Song of Battle," or in such brilliant *jeux d'esprit* as the "Neolithic Age" and the first half of the "Three-Decker," where he compares well with Hood and Praed. My remarks point only to those poems which exhibit most strongly his peculiar powers, tastes, and individuality.

Now, first, as to his spirit, his attitude to men and things as shown in his selection of subjects and the treatment thereof. Suppose we call it the Brutal-Human spirit, of course in no offensive sense. It seems to me that his peculiar province, the domain where he was first pioneer, and will long reign supreme, is the Brute-Man, or Man-Brute, whichever name you prefer. This to his praise—nay, to his supreme glory. For in all men the brute is a part, in many a large part, in some the whole. And to recognise, to teach, to convince, as he has done, that such men are not necessarily less worthy than dogs and horses, that the brute in man is after all a noble animal in its way—this is a solid service to morals and to literature. Mr. Bret Harte and his followers (among them Stevenson in his "Wrecker" and "Ebb Tide") are scarcely rivals; they charmed but did not convince at all. Their Sentimental Ruffian (in whom I have but sparingly believed) is always a refined, sensitive gentleman by birth or by instinct, who has gone to the bad and got crusted over. Mr. Kipling's function is to cut down to the Natural Man through all disguises, and in his conscientious, sternly righteous surgery he rarely fails. But, as I feared long since, he is going and will go too far, carrying the public also with him. His marvellous pictures, so vivid, impressive, and convincing, must perforce tend to make us not only condone, but positively admire the lawless force, the furious passions, the sordid vulgarity, the wildly picturesque sins of the Brute-Man. When reading his greatest tales I felt this as much as you, and, like you, flattered myself by saying: "Away with squeamish prudery! This is honest; this is true; this is natural. Why be ashamed of it?" Were we quite sincere? Did not our enthusiasm savour of the decadence? When in our easy chairs we gloated over the murderous frays, the hellish frenzies and the mortal agonies, did not the down-turned thumbs of the Roman amphitheatre warn us? More I will not say. But just this much, that the Man which Mr. Kipling has revealed to us is but a part of Humanity—a fine, an interesting, a sympathetic part, but surely not the best part, nor that upon which it profits the multitude to dwell too fondly.

But the main point is this. Mr. Kipling's aims and methods being what they are, prose, not poetry, is his only fit vehicle—prose, which can express fully everything high and low, not poetry, which can only express a few things, though it expresses them exquisitely. Now, is it narrowing too strictly the definition of poetry to put comic and serio-comic songs and the whole music-hall minstrelsy outside the pale? Ought we even to admit satirical verses in the vernacular like the "Bigelow Papers"? Or songs which, being aimed to catch the fancy and to be adopted by the vulgar for their pleasure, instruction, and inspiration, are larded with vulgarisms of thought and expression? As to these last I might be doubtful if I thought that Mr. Kipling's soldier-songs were actually displacing the pompous old favourites, such as the "Tired Soldier" and the "British Grenadiers."* Now his poems nearly all come under one of the above heads—most under the serio-comic. As such I have not a word to say against them. My sole, but strenuous objection is that by many (as by the critic quoted above) they are regarded as serious poetry, and that in some unmistakable but indefinable way (apart from orthodox print and binding) they do seem to regard themselves as such. Mr. Kipling is, or pretends to be, so much in earnest; he weaves in so many fine fancies among his deliberate deformities; he at unexpected moments assumes such high ground. I firmly believe that he does mean it for poetry, and has formed some theory of naturalistic composition which I humbly deplore. Narrow verse and raise prose—is our safest maxim. Poetry should never reflect the sordid ideas and coarse expressions of vulgar minds. It can stoop at times with Wordsworth to childlike simplicity, but never to slang; it is powerless to depict low life, because its very nature must destroy the impression of actuality which alone justifies the choice of such subjects. Take one instance—Mr. Kipling's longest, most ambitious piece, "The Mary Gloster." It is built on two bad models, Tennyson's "May Queen" and "Northern Farmer." Now literary usage and a sense of fitness allow Œnone and Tithonus to reel off their impassioned soliloquies in perfect metre, but how does the vernacular garrulity of a prosaic, shrewd, old money-maker gain by being tortured into verse? It loses the veracity of prose without becoming poetry. But the last dying speech (eleven pages long) of old Gloster is more flagrant. As a prose study it would have been admirable, though his sentimental craze about the funeral is inconsistent with his business character. Sir Anthony is an ignorant, sordid, vulgar, obscene, impenitent villain, who has made himself and his millions by fraud and avarice. To his genteel son he groans out the tale of his triumphant crimes and sordid grievances; every idea, every image is mean, every expression coarse or revolting. Now I grant that nearly all he says, such a man might and would have said, but, be sure, he would never have said it in rhyme. A grovelling soul without one ray of romance (for the funeral craze was only superstitious monomania), he is valuable only from the realistic veracity of his presentation, and that illusion of veracity is utterly destroyed, when with his last breath he persists in versifying his slang and ribaldry. And yet it has been asked—"If this be not poetry, what is?"

Let this one instance suffice of the error which lies at the root of Mr. Kipling's system. Compared to this his other faults are trifling. Among them is the daring familiarity, in many eyes amounting to profanity, which marked his "Tomlinson," and reappears in the "Last Chantey." There is also a tendency to stereotype the protest against prudery, and to keep up the high-pressure flesh-and-blood

* I have since been informed by a dragoon just returned from India and Egypt that while Mr. Kipling's stories are highly appreciated in the barrack-room (my informant seemed well versed in most of them) the ballads are neglected. "What we sing are the latest songs out, and a few of the old things."

tone, by not only calling a spade a spade, but by flourishing one every now and then as a sort of standard, and by an ostentatious coarseness of allusion to the venerable mysteries of generation and maternity which after all is more boyish than manly. That the volume is full of ability, of knowledge of men, of insight, of powerful expression, even of several of the elements which conspire to make great poetry, goes without saying, so I have not troubled to say it. That the author could write such poetry is very possible, but only by adopting new subjects and new methods. My concern has only been with the salient truth which seems to leap to light from every page, namely, that those phases of humanity and its environment which he has made peculiarly his own, and which, revealed in his magic prose, assume well-nigh the glamour of poetry, sink, when weighted with the trammels of verse even by fingers dexterous as his, beneath prose to the level of serio-comic extravaganza.

Y. Y.

II.

In spite of this volume and its predecessor, some of Mr. Kipling's admirers still turn to the tag-ends of verse that head his prose stories, broken hints of awe-inspiring and beautiful things, to confirm their belief that he might, if he would, be the most distinguished poet of the day. In the verse volumes there are equally good hints, but his most hopeful admirers on this side must soon admit that the perfecting of verse is too finnicking a work for him. And there's an end of that matter. There is cause enough in "The Seven Seas" for gratitude; and gratitude would be wise to take the form of discrimination, and borrow some of Mr. Kipling's own sincerity. Some of the appreciation given to his poems has been a little wanting in humour. Their robustness is so impressive to persons of low vitality that they are apt to be swallowed whole with too equal a favour—when they are not impatiently rejected as merely noisy and exhausting. A colder mood is really more friendly; for then they escape being lumped.

The doggerel ballads like

"Sez 'e, I'm a Jolly—'Er Majesty's Jolly—soldier an' sailor too!"

inimitable, of course, in their way, have been treated with great seriousness by persons one could not imagine trolling them out. Fine dramatic readings of life, these say; and so they are, in their simple fashion. But their first use is to satisfy the need that all young creatures feel to stamp their feet in noisy rhythm and roar in a jingling chorus. They are nearly as good as, perhaps better than, the things of the kind invented by those who need such outlets for their spirits. It is useless to ask, Are they worth making? The answer to that is, They are well made; they have the roughness and the obvious sentiment of the perfect Imperfect-Thing. But that one should hold one's self bound to admire them, by way of being catholic, is sheer affectation. A musician may possibly enjoy the "go" of a street piano—in spite of his musical sense; but he is not effeminate if his sensitive ear make the jangle intolerable.

Then there comes the section, mostly in "Barrack Room Ballads," which shows Mr. Kipling in his most objectionable mood. It is a product of that undisciplined love of his for law and order, not merely the law and order of the mysterious government of the world, but the law and order of the nurserymaid. The ethical code of the nursery—Speak when you're spoken to, Mend your clothes—is useful in its place; and something of the kind must rule in the barracks, I suppose, but it had better rule there as unobtrusively as possible. At least, it is insulting to sing of it in this strain,

"The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful: 'e leads 'em all about,
An' then comes up the regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out.
All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less, etc."

This is a prominent and a most unsympathetic mood; but it drops from Mr. Kipling, who is big enough to be inconsistent. None knows better than he that human nature won't stand tight leading-strings. No one sings better than he of the temperaments that defy them. Stevenson is the bard of the Tramp picturesque, but Mr. Kipling is the bard of the Tramp for tramping's sake.

"Pay couldn't 'old me when my time was done,
For something in my 'ead upset me all,
Till I 'ad dropped whatever 'twas for good,
An', out at sea, be'eld the dock-lights die,
An' met my mate—the wind that tramps the world!

. . . . . .

Gard bless the world! Whatever she 'ath done—
Excep' when awful long—I've found it good.
So write, before I die, 'E liked it all.'"

In the ballads of the rough workers and the pioneers, glorifications of the world in undress, hot with sneers at civilisation, delighting to produce the unexpected, to strip things naked, we mostly lose sight of the drill-sergeant. However impudent the audacity in these, however bitter the sneer, they have always for neighbour something that suddenly lifts our hearts with its homage to the dignity of man, or melts them with the pity of things. So "The Song of the Banjo," with all its raillery of the ignoble twang, rises to tragedy. The contemptible strains follow the white man's track, and make plain to him in desert places and camps, by incongruous associations, his home-sickness, his intolerable memories.

"Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man."

Though in this kind of thing he can be dull—"McAndrew's Hymn" is very prosy—yet as a rule these ballads melt gradually into the last kind, the unclassifiable, the best, those that touch and thrill us with a hope he has never quite fulfilled. The rumble of an omnibus may recall his barrack songs, but we keep in our hearts as honoured guests some others—"The True Romance" for one—

"Thou art the Voice to kingly boys
To lift them through the fight,
And Comfortress of Unsuccess,
To give the dead good-night.

. . . . . .

Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I may not find Thee quick and kind
Nor know Thee till I die."

The wonderful picture of Rangoon in "The Song of the Cities" is another, and so is the proud song of the proud poet, "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas." Not perhaps in our hearts, but with keen admiration in our minds, must stay the picture of the great Indescribable, "An American."

"Enslaved, illogical, elate,
He greets th' embarrassed Gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate
Or match with Destiny for beers.

Lo, imperturbable he rules,
Unkempt, disreputable, vast—
And, in the teeth of all the schools
I—I shall save him at the last!"

A. M.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. LANG'S LIFE OF LOCKHART.*

Mr. Lang, in his biography of Lockhart, has made a permanent contribution to literature, and perhaps in none of his own numerous works has he been more entirely successful. We are persuaded that those who have given most attention to Lockhart, and the literary history with which he is associated will most admire the manner in which the biographer has done his part. The available materials have been utilised to the utmost, and with scrupulous care and diligence. Mr. Lang has had the existing manuscripts put at his disposal, but he has neglected no source of information. If there be any reference to the American writer, Willis, we have missed it, but the matter is of no real account. Lady Eastlake's article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has an interesting note on Lockhart's mother. In one or two instances, Mr. Lang has allowed his sympathy with Lockhart to affect very slightly his relation of facts. We will give one example. Mr. Lang quotes Lockhart's estimate of Edward Irving written

* "The Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart," by Andrew Lang, from Abbotsford and Milton Lockhart MSS. and other original sources, with fifteen illustrations in two volumes. (London: John C. Nimmo.)

from London in 1824. "The popular preacher is summed up as 'a pure humbug.'" Lockhart in the original letter added the words, "I shall do an article that will finish him by-and-by." It is this little practice of "finishing," or attempting to finish such people as he disapproved of which chiefly troubles a candid biographer of Lockhart. We may note that Mr. Lang quotes a letter from Carlyle to Lockhart in which Carlyle asks the editor of the *Quarterly* to consider favourably George Gilfillan's first Gallery of Literary Portraits. As Mr. Lang thinks it worth while to mention some criticisms of Gilfillan on Lockhart, it might have been noted that this very gallery contained a portrait of Lockhart. He is spoken of with great respect, although with no enthusiasm, and the point the critic makes is that Lockhart was a man of great talent, and not a man of genius. These are very trifling particulars. After a very careful examination of this biography we have not been able to detect a single real error. There is an excellent index, not quite complete. The printing and binding of the volumes are admirable, though the quarto shape is inconvenient. It may be hoped that the work will yet be published in a more handy form. The illustrations are well done, although there is a portrait of Lockhart apparently earlier than any given here, which we prefer to the frontispiece of the first volume.

Mr. Lang's thorough knowledge of his subject, his unsparing research, and his scrupulous accuracy are matched by the insight, patience, charity, and sympathy which make this book valuable as a study in human life, as well as for other reasons. No one understands better than Mr. Lang the kind of temptations by which Lockhart was beset when he began a literary career in Edinburgh and in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. He has said for his hero all that could be said. If he is not completely successful in his vindication that is not his fault. It is very doubtful whether Lockhart would at any time of his life have thanked Mr. Lang for his apologia. He did occasionally express some regret for the critical excesses of his youth, but there is no evidence known to us to show that he seriously repented. All the available evidence indeed is quite the other way. The later epistles given in the memoir of Christopher North show no abatement in pungency, and we now know that to the last he was in the habit of sending articles to *Blackwood's Magazine*, some of which the prudent publisher thought it wise to suppress. The fact is that Lockhart and Wilson never seriously took to heart their early escapades. Tears and sorrows brought them some wisdom, but neither was ashamed of his youth. Lockhart was sorry for himself in later days, thinking that he had thrown away the chances of a professional career by following literature, and was inclined to blame his strong-minded publisher and editor for leading him captive. But all the evidence goes to show that Lockhart could never have succeeded in law, and that it was an incontrollable impulse which drove him to letters. He was not perhaps, triumphantly successful, but he had an important and well-paid post. He was by no means unsuccessful as a novelist and a poet; and as a biographer he attained the very first position. If he had been less assailed by family sorrows, he might have well been counted fortunate among men of letters, and even as it is, when we compare his life with those, let us say of Hazlitt and Coleridge, is it certain that his lot was less happy than theirs?

Mr. Lang writes well and wisely on the connection of Lockhart with Scott, and makes conclusive end of the base calumnies so long afloat as to Lockhart's marriage. To the question of Lady Scott's origin he scarcely alludes, but we venture to differ from him in thinking the matter fairly open to discussion. It certainly involves no discredit either to Scott or his wife. His comments on the Ballantyne controversy are carefully considered and probably near the mark. Mr. Lang says truly that so excellent a scholar and so patient an investigator as Mr. Dykes Campbell was almost driven to despair in attempting to find where the truth lay. We may add that Mr. Campbell proposed to give some years of study to the whole question, and that up to a very short time before his lamented death he was still in the dark. He did not understand how it was that the collapse of Scott and his friends was so complete. The most reckless mismanagement does not explain it, and it seems as if there must be something behind.

Mr. Lang has had no access to the records of Albemarle Street, but it is evident that the editing of the *Quarterly Review* was no sinecure. In these days it is hard to understand how any man could find his full occupation in such a pursuit, but in these days the quarterlies had very great influence. It was the custom to deal freely with the writings of contributors; also each of the two great quarterlies had a demon—the *Edinburgh* had Brougham, and the *Quarterly* had Croker. Mr. Lang hints that he could if he would reveal something more of Croker, but he has judged rightly. It is not worth while. Lockhart was a great editor, and kept up the circulation of the *Review* wonderfully. In a letter of his published in Christopher North's memoir dated 1844, he says that the *Quarterly Review* prints about 10,000 copies, and when he became editor he seems to have estimated the circulation at about 14,000. Considering the constant changes at work in periodical literature, it must be allowed that he did well.

Mr. Lang's critical estimates are almost invariably sound. Many passages of his biography are admirably written, and there is the dignity of true feeling in what he says of Lockhart's deep and inconsolable sorrows. This is a biography which Lockhart himself would have praised.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

SHAKESPERE'S HOLINSHED.*

This is a book to make a scholar's mouth water. Not only is it remarkably beautiful in external form, but within it is a mine of exact and valuable erudition. Mr. Boswell-Stone has not contented himself with merely reprinting those portions of the chronicles used by Shakespere. Even such a work, conceived and executed in the manner of Professor Skeat's "Shakespere's Plutarch," would have been a boon. But here we have "more than all this, much more than twice all this." We have what is, in effect, an elaborate and detailed study, firstly, of Shakespere's relation to the historical materials before him, and secondly, of his relation to actual history itself as we now know it. Herein Mr. Boswell-Stone is completing and bringing up to date a most important task which hitherto has only been fragmentarily executed, in T. P. Courtenay's "Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespere," for instance, in various editions of individual plays, and in such special monographs as Riechelmann's "Abhandlung zu Richard II.: Shakespere und Holinshed," to which latter book, by the way, Mr. Boswell-Stone does not appear to have referred. The method adopted by Mr. Boswell-Stone is as follows. He takes the scenes of a play in order, and under each he places all the passages of Holinshed of which Shakespere has made any use therein, connecting them together with just so much narrative of his own as is necessary to explain their bearing in relation to what Shakespere has built upon them. In this narrative and in copious footnotes is contained the critical and historical comment already referred to. Where any other chroniclers than Holinshed appear to have been consulted for a play, extracts from these also are printed, with careful references. In this way we have passages from the chronicles of Halle, Stowe, Fabyan, Grafton, and Hardyng, from Sir Thomas More, and from Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." The net result is that for the first time a complete *conspectus* of the sources of the historical plays is set before us in a convenient and accessible form. The plays dealt with in the volume are in all fourteen. In their relation to the chronicles they may be divided into three groups. Firstly, there are two plays, "King Lear" and "Cymbeline," in which the debt to Holinshed is very slight, by far the larger portions of the plays being due to non-historical sources or to the dramatist's own imagination. Secondly, there are eight plays, in which the whole, or nearly the whole outline of the plot follows pretty closely upon Holinshed or some similar authority. These are "Macbeth," "Richard II.," "1 and 2 Henry IV.," "Henry V.," "1 Henry VI.," "Richard III.," and "Henry VIII." And thirdly, there are three plays, namely, "King John" and "2 and 3 Henry VI," which

(*Continued on page* 89.)

* "Shakespere's Holinshed: The Chronicle and the Historical Plays Compared." By W. G. Boswell-Stone. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

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Westward Ho!
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THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated. (Methuen.)

The enormous mass of Napoleon literature that has accumulated is almost impossible to master. It is still piling up, and each fresh book of memoirs disturbs something of our previous impressions. Summaries of the man's career, as viewed by the light of recent researches, have appeared, careful and accurate works some of them, but, from their conciseness, hardly counting amongst the books that are read for pleasure. A popular work on a large scale, with room enough to expand in picturesque places, and even to moralise; one that should make use of the new material available, and yet not spend much time in trying to reconcile its variations, was a crying need; and now that man of ceaseless energy, Mr. Baring-Gould, has produced it. His work is not that of a critic; he has not sifted evidence very nicely; he has admitted all kinds of stories, legends, and rumours—with a warning of their doubtfulness, of course—finding a use for them, either in the illustration of the character or situation of his subject, or merely in the amusement of his readers, with the result that the volume is fascinating as a story-book from the first line to the last. It will be pored over in many a household as no scientific historical work ever could be. The compiler is very modest in his estimate of his own capacity for the task, and states distinctly the limits he laid down for himself, which were, to make a "study of the character and opinions of Napoleon," and to "lay on one side what concerned his military achievements and the political importance of his life, so far as did not bear on the developments of his mind, and the movements of his heart." As youth is the period of development, he has given most importance to the earlier part of his career, availing himself largely of M. Frederic Masson's "Napoleon Inconnu," which contains the MSS. of the Emperor at an early age. While he has not drawn the exact and final picture of the mind and heart of the Great Puzzle, yet of all popular estimates his is the one that comes nearest to being fair and at all points intelligent. Now and again, in unimportant matters, he makes a reckless statement—as that the "commonest English soldier" at Waterloo, "each atom that made up the mass, was endowed with almost as stubborn a will as the Emperor"—but generally he is as cautious as his purpose, which would be defeated by a finnicking hesitancy, will permit him to be. The pictorial part of the book, however, is even more important, and quite unrivalled. The numerous contemporary portraits, pictures, caricatures and cartoons are from three collections made by M. Armand Dayot, published in "Napoléon raconté par l'Image." From every point of view, from first-hand impressions, and from imaginary conceptions, the great man and his times are shown to the eye independent of the text. So interesting is this great collection that it should be understood as high praise when we say Mr. Baring-Gould has written a worthy commentary to one of the very best picture-books of the year.

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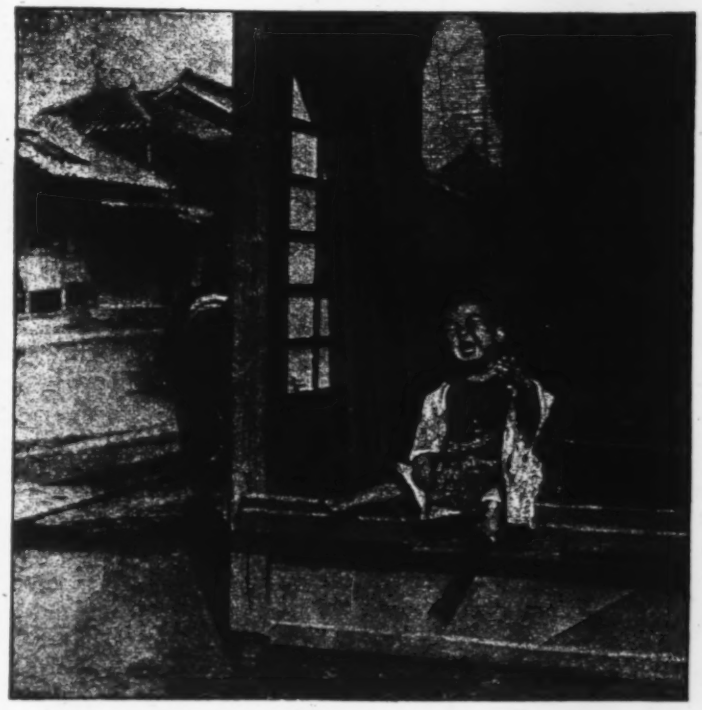

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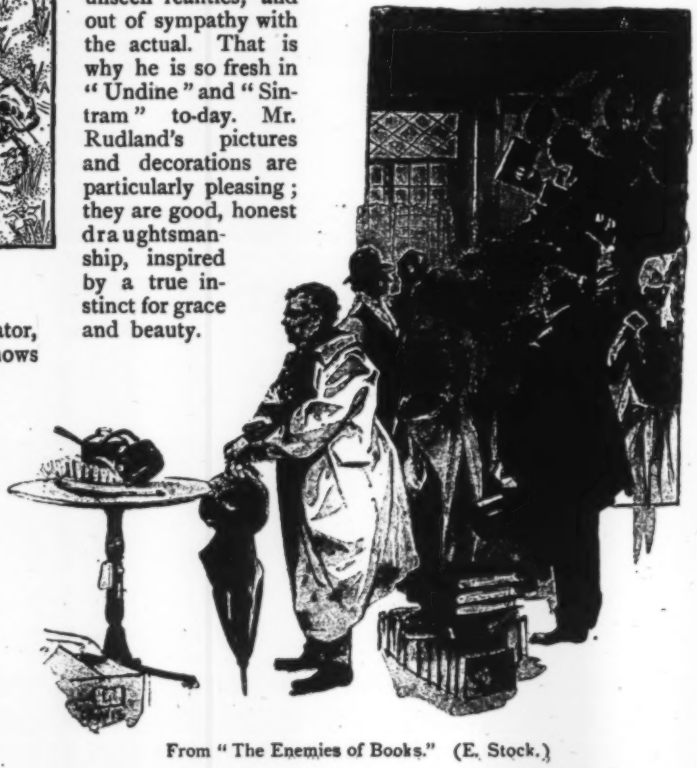

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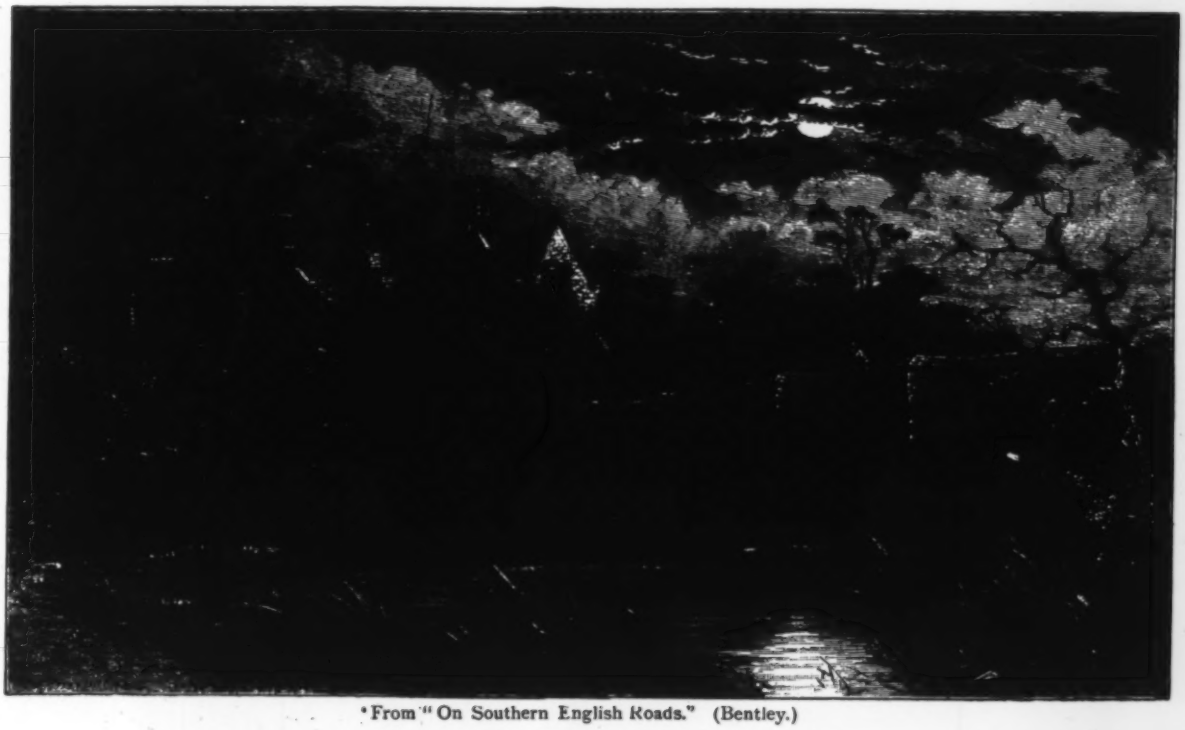

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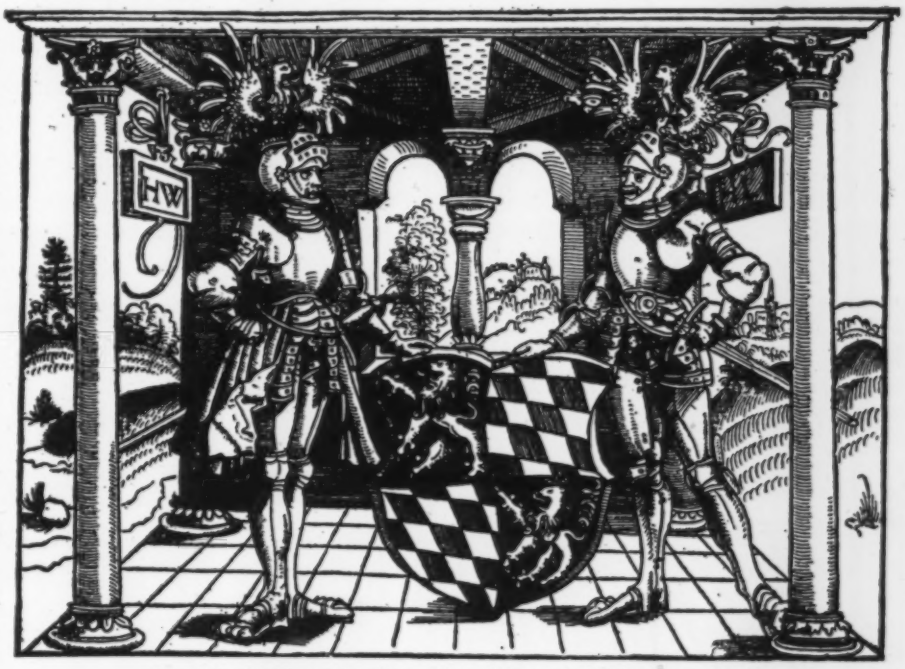
(Illustration on p. 86.)



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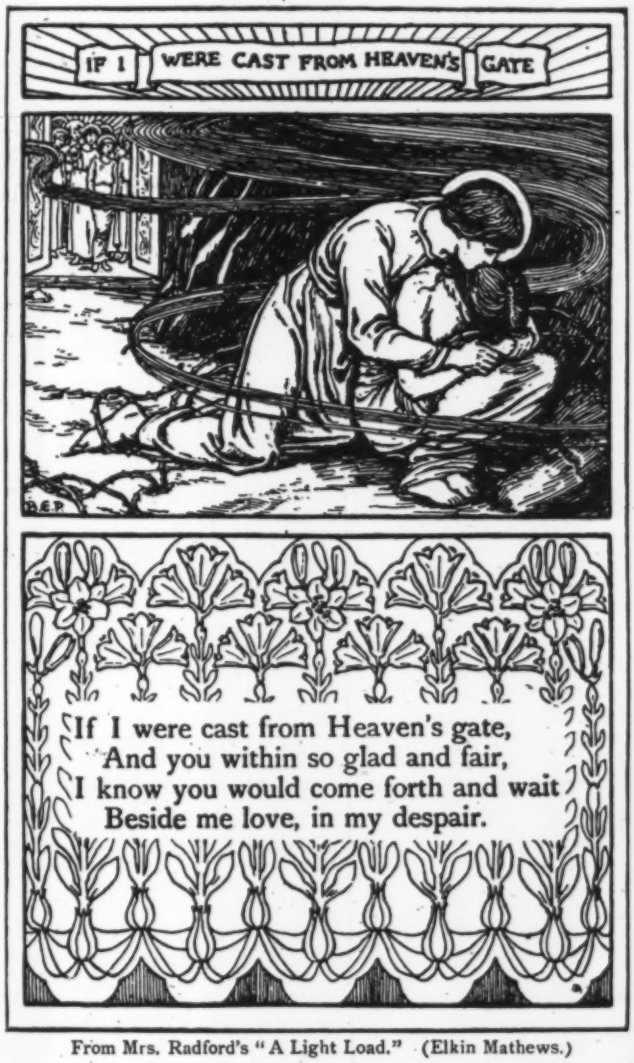
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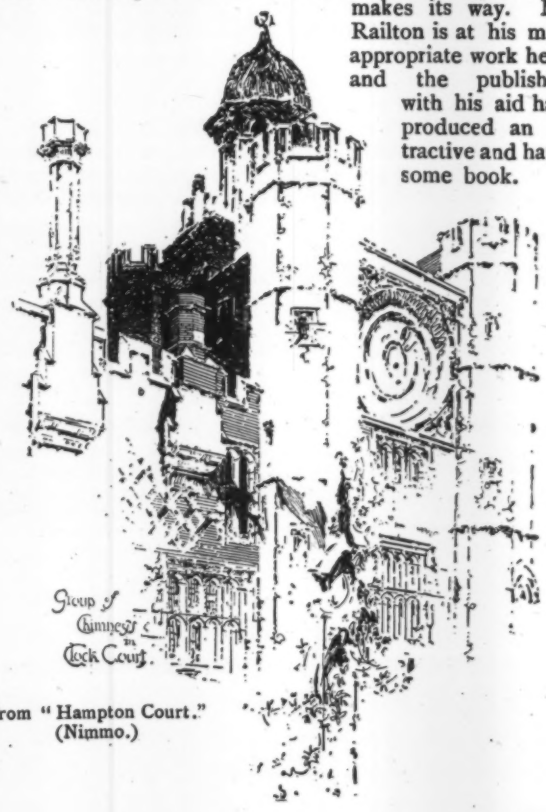
king, and of a king of England too.' Here Charles showed the beauty of his nature through its outer husk of unworthy duplicity. Here Milton meditated and Cromwell agonised; and here, since the days of these heroes, many noble souls have passed, in quietness and simplicity, to their reward." So Mr. Hutton sums up the chronicle of one of our greatest historical monuments, one of the fairest of our palaces. He has omitted no side of the subject interesting to the general reader—the builders, the kings and statesmen, the Court beauties, the gardens, the pictures, the literary associations, all are dealt with in vivid description, and in due proportion. The result of a scholar's pleasant holidays, the book will give pleasure, as well as rouse honest pride and historical interest, wherever it makes its way. Mr. Railton is at his most appropriate work here, and the publishers with his aid have produced an attractive and handsome book.



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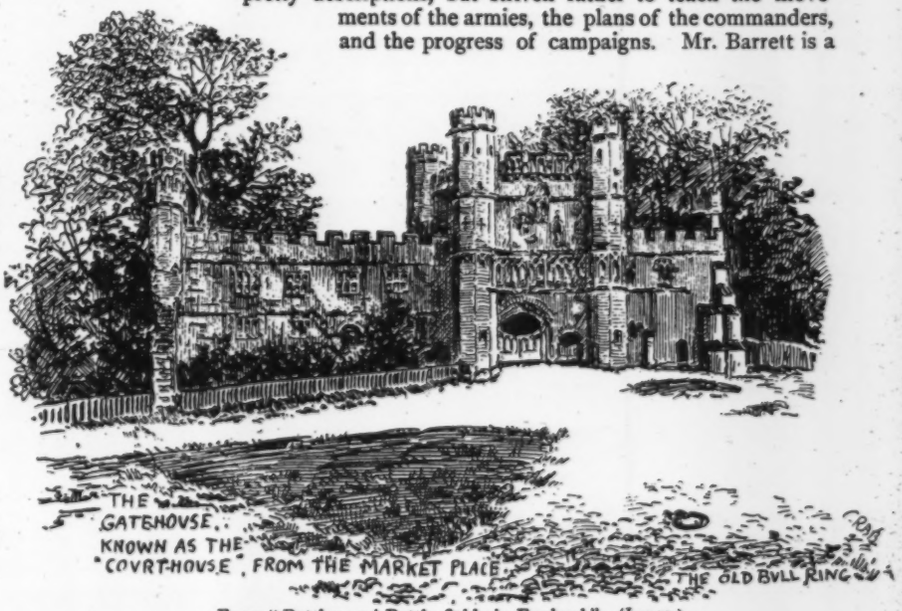

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(*Continued from page* 68.)

are based, not upon history at all, but upon earlier plays, which in turn go back to the chronicles. Of the first two groups, Mr. Boswell-Stone's treatment is unexceptionable; with regard to the third, he would perhaps have done better if he had made his comparisons in the first place between Holinshed and the three original plays, directly taken from him; that is to say, "The Troublesome Raigne of King John," "The First Part of the Contention between the Houses of Lancaster and York," and "The True Tragedie of Richard the Third." Any further historical modifications introduced by the adapters or revisers who worked upon the later plays, and any fresh borrowings of theirs, if such there be, from the sources, might have found a place in the foot-notes.

The only other defect I find in the book is probably to be explained by Mr. Boswell-Stone's modesty. Instead of the brief preface, I should have liked an elaborate introduction, containing a full summary, such as only one who has been minutely through the whole of the evidence could be qualified to give, on two points. One is, Shakespere's general attitude to his historical authorities. It would be good to have a statement of the principles, if such can be discovered, by which the poet ruled himself, in selecting here and rejecting there, of the limits which he set to his liberty, of the bonds he was willing to submit to. The other is, the difference between Shakespere's practice in this respect and that of the other dramatists whose work comes into question. Was Shakespere's notion of his responsibilities identical with that of the author or authors of the three old plays, or with that of the author of "3 Henry VI.," or with that of his collaborator, if collaborator it was, upon "Henry VIII."? Mr. Boswell-Stone has given us ample material to form a judgment on these matters, but we should have been glad of his opinion, all the same.

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> "Now the furnaces are out,
> And the aching anvils sleep;
> Down the road the grimy rout
> Tramples homeward, twenty deep.
> Piper, play! Piper, play!
> Though we be o'erlaboured men;
> Ripe for rest, pipe your best!
> Let us foot it once again."

Yet he would be blind and soulless who would deny that "taking him bye and large" Mr. Davidson is a poet of eminent rank. His failing is the failing of intensity, which is a quality some of his gushing contemporaries have sadly to seek, and if his mental outlook often gives us the vapours, his art and fancy convey the essential happiness. There is hardly a page of this little book on which you do not drop upon thoughts the most delicious, suggestions so startling and direct that they immediately convince you of a hard thinker behind them, whose touch upon the average chord is confident and correct. The "Ballad of the Artist's Wife," the "Ballad of a Workman," "A Mother and her Son," and "The Ballad of Tannhäuser" include his finest flights, and are, apart from their informing sentiment, supremely excellent. The first-named tells of a struggling artist who deserts his wife because

> "At length he looked her in the face,
> And lo! a woman old and plain!"

leaving her with children, for whom she wrought till she died. He followed them to Paradise, where he found his soul saved by the vicarious sacrifice of his wife on earth—a daring conclusion, but neither human nor divine justice. "The Mother and Her Son" are obviously Scots, for they dispute over theological dogma at the woman's death-bed. "Both were bigots, fateful souls that plague the gentle world." A grimy but splendid performance, with lines in it which spell genius in every word:

> "He set his teeth and saw his mother die.
> Outside a city reveller's tipsy tread
> Severed the silence with a jagged rent;
> The tall lamps flickered through the sombre street,
> With yellow light hiding the stainless stars;
> In the next house a child awoke and cried;
> Far off a clank and clash of shunting trains
> Broke out and ceased, as if the fettered world
> Started and shook its irons in the night."

Except the "jagged rent" in the silence—which is ingenious but extravagant—that is distinctly fine, and the poem is full of material equally good. Admirable in almost all respects, too, is the "Ballad of the Poet Born," whose harp rusted while he did his duty as he understood it (metaphysics again!), herding and ploughing to feed a mother and sisters who were none the better for his sacrifice. And when his leisure-time came his gift was gone, only responding once—to his swan-song, when

> "——he sang of dawn and dusk,
> Of midnight and of noon;
> . . . . .
> He sang of peace and work that bless
> The simple and the sage;
> He sang of hope and happiness,
> He sang the Golden Age."

Here, if anywhere, does Mr. Davidson relax his mood melancholic; and had he given us no more than this, and perhaps the dainty verses on "A Frosty Morning" and the flashing impressionism of "Winter Rain," he had still claims on our gratitude.

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from grown folks were always recognised, but as an inferiority, which the serious felt must be trained away as soon as possible, and the frivolous held to be decidedly amusing when not inconvenient. But account for it as you may—by such high-sounding reasons as the spread of democracy, by the growth of a scientific sense that realises the value of every stage of life—the more favoured children to-day are permitted a right to think, and speak, even sometimes to act, in accordance with the laws of their own development, and are not expected to be merely faulty echoes of persons at another and an alien stage. Children of character, of course, have, for the most, sturdily kept their own savagery, their own ideals, and imaginings at the back of the artificial life forced on them. Mr. Kenneth Graham's "Golden Age" comes conveniently to the mind, if proof of that were wanted outside our own experience. In Mrs. Meynell we have one of the best exponents of the new idea that, as far as possible, childhood's individuality should be as openly recognised as are the ambitious moods of middle life

Frontispiece of Mrs. Meynell's New Book.

and the search for repose that commonly marks declining years. She does not speak as an educational theorist, merely as a very close and loving observer, as the parent, in fact, who is also the humourist—Mrs. Meynell's humour is perfectly certain here—with something, too, of the cautious scientist in her attitude. The combination does not tend to gushing idealisation, but, as we have said, to respect, to a recognition of the rights of childhood to be itself, so far as its strong bias towards imitating the business and speech of the grown-up world will allow.

Mrs. Meynell may have written more brilliant things, but none, to our mind, so wonderful; for, indeed, this mixture of cool criticism and real sympathy, this admiration and strict admission of limitations, this tenderness and this sense of comedy, are very wonderful and full of beauty. One chapter only has struck us doubtful in truth—"Real Childhood." At least, we feel sure some of it, that which concerns the readiness of little people to be bored by their elders, is far from being a very common experience. Elders could be very annoying, but they and their properties, partaking of the mystery of the unknown, had depths of interest in them unsuspected by their commonplace selves. But everywhere else we are with her, either confirming or waiting confidently for experiences which must confirm.

Her first words are a warning against generalisations—Oh, plodding educationalists, hearken! "To attend to a living child is to be baffled in your humour, disappointed in your pathos, and set freshly free from all the pre-occupations. You cannot anticipate him."

A CHILD OF THE JAGO.*

"'People are so very genteel, aren't they? . . . But, hang it all, men like ourselves needn't talk as though the world was built of hardbake. It's a mighty relief to speak truth with a man who knows—a man not rotted through with sentiment.'" By the mouth of the Jago surgeon, Mr. Morrison has expressed his own attitude. The mild, sugary speech of philanthropists, the comfortable complacency of West-end slummers, the blind, absurd enthusiasm that looks to make the East-end into Paradise by culture—he turns and rends them all. For he knows that they have not seen, have not dared to see, the black slough of sin and cruelty and unspeakable wrong that lies beyond their efforts and their courage. "Woe unto the foolish prophets, that follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing! Because even because they have seduced my people, saying, Peace; and there was no peace; and one built up a wall, and lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar: Say unto them which daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall; there shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall; and a stormy wind shall rend it." It is an attitude only tolerable to the courageous; it is a knowledge that would kill if it were forced on the feeble. But the attitude and the knowledge must be a part of any true understanding of the world as it is made. It is a recognition of a state of things desperate but not entirely hopeless. He gives us Dicky, a young thief, a man of the world (an evil world) at ten, yet staunch, spirited, responsible. And he sends Father Sturt in our way, probably to show the kind of temper that has any chance of redeeming the dwellers in such a place of crime and misery. Sturt has no illusions; he knows the worst of the district; he has tenacity, courage, a keen sense of humour, and cannot be humbugged.

It is no use paying Mr. Morrison compliments at this time of day on his vigour and his unusual ability. These must be everywhere acknowledged. They are acknowledged by us very heartily. But this new book of his has pages which it is almost impossible to read. We do not combat his general attitude at all. He does not pretend to tell the whole tale of East-end misery, which has its genteel sides of course; but he tells one awful chapter of it; and we respect his sense of responsibility in doing so, however much he shatters our complacency and our shallow convictions that all's right with the world. We do not accuse him of exaggeration, and as to his excesses of realism we can at least understand the temptation. But to understand does not take away the right of protest; and we do protest against the useless riot of brutality, the orgies of physical violence which we are made witnesses of if we read the book through. Zola has never outdone some of the pages here in their horrible defiance of any sensitive feelings we may have. But we declare our right to have these feelings respected, if not pampered, and our opinion that an unblinking perusal of these tales of brutal fights would show much more morbid effeminacy than any shrinking from them would do. They are no necessary part of Mr. Morrison's strenuous and courageous purpose.

But we must not part from the book with a censure. For Dicky, the hero, must be given his due. In the midst of the sordid, cruel, desperate Jago he grows up, unashamed of it, accepting its conditions, ambitious of its honours, a plant of the hideous soil, yet a sturdy, not unwholesome plant. He has affection, loyalty, and endless courage. Mr. Morrison killed him, not for the sake of his pathetic death-scene, we are sure, but because he loved him, and his heart

* "A Child of the Jago." By Arthur Morrison. 6s. (Methuen.)

revolted against the thought of the lad's ingenuity hardening into ugly craft, his brave philosophy into callousness, his daring into insolent crime. And so he lets the child of the Jago die, in no odour of sanctity to be sure; but round the little outcast from all that is respectable he has woven a halo of charm.

FOUR TRAVEL BOOKS.*

Dr. Martin does not write as a tourist. His book is based on the experience of nearly half a century in various parts of China as a missionary, the principal of an Imperial college, and employee of the Chinese government. He should be almost a Chinaman by this time; but he is, on the contrary, a very independent critic. He has not written a denunciatory book, but no other European has talked more coolly and confidently of the break-up of the present *régime*. That it will take place some time he assumes, and he glibly plans the partition. "The northern belt of provinces would fall naturally to Russia; the southern belt, excepting portions of Yunnan and Kwang-tung, as naturally to France. England would claim the valley of the Yang-tse; and there would still be left the provinces of Chekiang and Fu-kien for Germany." That is to be the final partition, if China does not take warning. True, he sees a possible postponement in the reforms

From "A Cycle of Cathay." (Oliphant.)

recently undertaken by China, but nowhere does he speak with hope of the government, though everywhere with faith in the capacities of the people if otherwise ruled. He has been on terms of cordial friendship with a large number of the more enlightened persons in authority, and has received from them confidence and help in his strenuous attempts to break down the stupid, hampering educational system which blights the Chinese intelligence. From the so-called educated classes comes the persistent fanatical opposition to foreigners, to novelties, to any recognition of the great world outside. His account of his efforts to give a thorough course of scientific education in the Tungwen College, and to have science recognised in the civil service examinations are deeply interesting. The wedge is one which will split up the system of the *literati*, and join China, whole or dismembered, to the rest of the world. Dr. Martin has no sentiment to spare for the vast empire hugging its old ideas, an obstinate enemy and a mournful victim of restless modern civilisation. Christianity and a liberal practical education are the medicines China needs, he thinks. He is a sturdy defender of the missionaries, and is never tired of pointing to the clever agility and adaptability of Japan. It is in his jealous admiration for Japan we discover his affection for the vast slow country he worked in so long.

* "A Cycle of Cathay, or China, South and North." With Personal Reminiscences. By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. With Illustrations and Map. 7s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

"Among Pagodas and Fair Ladies." An Account of a Tour through Burma. By Gwendolen Trench Gascoigne. With Illustrations. 12s. (A. D. Innes.)

"From Batum to Baghdad." By Walter B. Harris. (Blackwood and Son.)

"The Land of the Monuments." By Joseph Pollard. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A man of restless energy, and with a passion for information, living "in the swim," if the word can be used of Chinese public life, his recollections of history and

From "A Cycle of Cathay." (Oliphant.)

affairs in the sixty years—after all a Chinese cycle is only sixty years—between the prelude to the first war with England and the present day, make a most interesting and permanently valuable book. Young China, or at least, young Christian China, speaks through his mouth.

But, by the way, his energetic missionary spirit and his liberality are surely exaggerated when he suggests that the Scriptures should be published in pidgin-English. To show its adaptation to psalmody, he gives a verse of "Excelsior" in this terrible lingo:—

"That nightee time begin chop-chop.
One young man walkee; no can stop.
Maskee de snow; maskee de ice!
He carry flag wid chop so nice—
Topside galow."

Mrs. Gascoigne's book reads like a series of very pleasant letters. She has a real talent for bright, simple description, and for conveying a direct impression. She wrote her book, not because she was specially learned in Burmese affairs, but because she fell in love with the people. And we must

From "Among Pagodas and Fair Ladies." (Innes.)

love them too, from her accounts. Indeed, before now we have had vague longings to be "on the road to Mandalay." They have all the charming points and qualities. They are pretty and graceful; they are pleasant and very indolent;

and they have a keen sense of humour. They must now be joined with the Irish and the Italians as the charmers of the world. Of course there is the other side. The Burman is a little capricious; even as a child he gets tired of going to the same school day after day, and tries them all in turn. It is not safe to trust him with railway signals. But what should the charmers of the world have to do with routine? The Burmese social system is evidently of the most advanced kind. No Married Women's Property Act has been needed there to educate public opinion. Divorce is very easy of attainment; if a husband be lazy, or if a wife be not affectionate, it is cause enough. But it is not very frequently taken advantage of, and here is fine support for some modern English prophets who find in tight matrimonial shackles the cause of all conjugal unfaithfulness.

Now and again we hear of something which belies the general amiable reputation of the people, but nearly always there is a grim humour in the cruelty. "One day Thebaw conceived the idea of abolishing capital punishment, and suggested this to our old friend [the head of the police], upon which he instantly set off to the prison and then ordered about fifty prisoners to be executed at once, as he thought he had better make hay while the sun shone."

Mrs. Gascoigne's book is informal and not very detailed. It purposes to give no more than a general view of the character and way of living of the people, a sketch of recent history, and some notion of scenery, architecture, and language. But many a more ambitious book has left us more unsatisfied. She has sympathy and humour—two invaluable gifts for the interpreter of a people like the Burmese.

In his latest contribution to the literature of travel, Mr. Harris has chosen to survey districts in which he has had many forerunners, and as descriptions of the journey, which includes Tiflis, Tabriz, and the Persian Kurdestān, are by no means new, it requires a very able pen to interest the general reader. It is, therefore, a pleasing task to congratulate the author on a shrewd and painstaking piece of work, which will have its charm for specialists and ordinary readers alike.

The most noteworthy parts of this book are those in which Mr. Harris calls attention to the utter rottenness and corruption of official Persia, and longs for the intervention of Russia. He draws a shocking picture of the state of the government of Tabriz—the capital of a north-west Persian province—and also complains of the reticence or indifference of his brother travellers who have not dealt with the subject in their books. "Point out," says Mr. Harris, "another country in the world where like poverty, poverty due to the unutterably rotten state of the government exists . . . . in all my travels I have yet to see its equal."

It must not be supposed, however, that the book is exclusively occupied with social and economic questions, for we constantly find vivid descriptions of scenery and architecture which are remarkably interesting. The account of Tiflis, which, by the way, is under Russian and, according to Mr. Harris, enlightened control, is especially good. Very pleasing also is a description of the dramatic, albeit beautiful, Easter ritual in the Greek Church—when the building is in darkness, and the priests are heard knocking for admission to tell the Easter news to the waiting congregation.

The Arts and Crafts of Persian Kurdestān receive careful and discriminating attention, and as an instance of the patience and skill of the oriental metal-workers, we learn that the gunmakers of Bana will make an excellent Martini rifle from raw iron at a cost of some three pounds sterling!

The book contains illustrations (one of which we reproduce in our supplement) and an excellent map, with the journey from Batum to Baghdad clearly traced thereon; and though Mr. Harris's matter is more interesting than his style, we see no reason why his work should not meet with all the success it undoubtedly deserves.

"An ordinary reader, who knows nothing of Egypt, will read it through as a revelation, without stumbling and without skipping," says, in the Preface, Dr. William Wright, of Mr. Pollard's account of his travels and researches. Standing between the elaborate accounts of the most learned Egyptologists and the commonplace records of globe-trotters, it supplies a felt want. For health, for pleasure, or because it lies in their way round the world, more and more Englishmen find themselves in Egypt every year, and all the impressionable ones invariably fall under the fascination of the land of mysteries. But Egyptology becomes a mere empty, short-lived craze with most of them. For lack of popular guides they hardly know what to be on the outlook for beyond the pyramids, and in the neighbourhood of the temples they are a little dazed by the rumours of learning, the theories, and the air of busy research. As a guide to what is best worth seeing in Egypt, and a summary of the most important results of the researches into the ancient political and religious history of the country, it would not be easy to better Mr. Pollard's book.

MISS FIONA MACLEOD AS A POET.*

In France, where every change of literary feeling brings with it a change of literary philosophy, the great change of our time is believed to be a return to the subjective. We no longer wish to describe nature like the "nature poets," or to describe society like the "realists," but to make our work a mirror, where the passions and desires and ideals of our own minds can cast terrible or beautiful images. If the French are right—and every new book which seems at all of our time is, I think, a proof that they are—we are at the beginning of a franker trust in passion and in beauty than was possible to the poets who put their trust in the external world and its laws. Some of the poems in "From the Hills of Dream" would have been almost impossible ten years ago. For ten years ago Miss Macleod would have asked herself, "Is this a valuable and a sober criticism upon life?" and we should probably have lost one of the most inspired, one of the most startling, one of the most intense poems of our time, her incomparable "Prayer of Women."

"O spirit that broods upon the hills,
And moves upon the face of the deep,
And is heard in the wind,
Save us from the desire of men's eyes.

. . . . . .

Ah, hour of the hours,
When he looks at our hair and sees it is grey;
And at our eyes and sees they are dim;
And at our lips, straightened out with long pain;
And at our breasts, fallen and seared like a barren hill;
And at our hands, worn with toil!
Ah, hour of the hours,
When, seeing, he seeth all the bitter ruin and wreck of us—
All save the violated womb that curses him—
All save the heart that forbeareth . . . for pity—
All save the living brain that condemneth him.

. . . . . .

O spirit and the nine angels who watch us,
And Thy Son and Mary Virgin,
Heal us of the wrong of man:
We whose breasts are weary with milk
Cry, cry to Thee, O Compassionate."

This poem was, I understand, first written in Gaelic, and Miss Macleod is always best when she writes under a Gaelic and legendary and mythological influence. Emotions which seem vague or extravagant when expressed under the influenee of modern literature, cease to be vague and extravagant when associated with ancient legend and mythology, for legend and mythology were born out of man's longing for the mysterious and the infinite. When Miss Macleod writes of "the white Peace" which "lies not on the sunlit hill," nor "on the sunlit plain," nor "on any running stream," but comes sometimes into the soul of man as "the moonlight of a perfect Peace," I find her thought too vague greatly to move or impress me; but when she writes of "the four white winds of the world, whose father the golden sun is, whose mother the wheeling moon is, the north and the south and the east and the west," and of "the three dark winds of the world; the chill breath of the grave, the breath from the depth of the sea," and "the breath of to-morrow," I am altogether moved and impressed. I feel, indeed, throughout this book two influences—a Gaelic influence, which Miss Macleod has mastered and remoulded, and an influence from modern literature which she has not yet been able to master and mould; and

* "From the Hills of Dream." By Fiona Macleod. (Patrick Geddes and Colleagues.)

this is, perhaps, why "From the Hills of Dream" seems to me so much more unequal, so much more experimental, than "The Sin Eater" or "The Washer of the Ford." Many of the poems which have the strongest Gaelic influence, and therefore the most authentic inspiration, are in wild and irregular measures; and this is a pity, because the best critics are not convinced that wild and irregular measures are perfectly legitimate. The poems in rhyme and in regular measures which seem to be latest in date are, however, a great advance upon their fellows, and have occasional passages of a charming phantasy, like the second, third, fourth, and fifth stanzas in "The Moon Child," or of a beautiful intensity, like this passage, which expresses something almost beyond the range of expression.

"She had two men within the palm, the hollow of her hand;
She takes their souls and blows them forth as idle drifted sand;
And one falls back upon her breast that is his quiet home,
And one goes out into the night and is as wind-blown foam;
And when she sees the sleep of one, ofttimes she riseth there,
And looks into the outer dusk and calleth soft and fair."

W. B. YEATS.

MR. WEDMORE'S NEW VOLUME.*

Mr. Wedmore's practice of recording the dates of composition of his stories, as well as the localities where they were composed, enables readers to trace his progress as a writer of fiction step by step. The first story of his "Pastorals of France" bears date December, 1874, and consequently that book, with his "Renunciations" (1893), "English Episodes" (1894), and the volume now before us, may be said to represent his output in fiction during more than twenty years. In bulk the result is slender—slender even when the break which separates the first and second groups of stories is taken into account. But no doubt there are substantial reasons to justify this exiguity. In the first place, of Mr. Wedmore, as of the late Mr. Pater and of few other writers indeed, we may feel confident that he will never give us anything but his best; for the least sympathetic of his readers would not dream of taxing him with hasty or ill-considered work. In the next place, condensation is of the essence of his talent, and in the increasing struggle for existence among books condensation becomes daily a more efficacious force. Then, another characteristic is his singular scrupulousness to give us nothing—not so much as a word or phrase—at second-hand. Landor had an equal distaste for what had been said before—the rarest of scruples, surely, and such as in an overcrowded book-world no reader can too thankfully acknowledge. And yet, so closely bound to one another are we by bonds of a common humanity, that it is quite possible that these scruples may be carried too far, and that by producing stint or stiffness they may even be detrimental to the very work in whose interest they are held. They are probably responsible for some occasional stiffness as well as for some of those disconcerting *lacunæ* in thought which at times disfigure the texture of Landor's splendid work. With Mr. Wedmore, perhaps, they have operated negatively, in checking overmuch the freedom of his vein. Let him continue to hold them by all means; but—we would respectfully urge—with somewhat less rigid grip. There is no chance whatever of his work becoming commonplace.

In turning to his latest volume, the first consideration which occurs to us is as to the advantage to an author, from the point of view of *cumulative* effect, of such careful work as his. There are many fine artists in every art—in literature I might, perhaps, cite M. Alphonse Daudet—whose every new work, whilst rich in the means of enjoyment, leaves us much where we were before in relation to the artist. This is not the case with Mr. Wedmore. With him every touch tells, and with every new book that comes from his pen his literary personality emerges into more distinct and complete outline. The restraints which he has thought fit to put upon himself have repaid him at least in this, that he has prolonged the period of growth beyond what is granted to most men. The first story of the new volume—describing how a simple, loving, Provençal father, yielding credence to the superstition of the country, awaits for nine days the return to him of the child whom he has lost and buried—is, so far, the author's masterpiece; and among the strangely few perfect short stories in the language it seems to have good chance of holding a distinguished place. One knows of nothing resembling it; and, if style be indeed the enamel which endures, its execution is flawless. The next tale deals with the "interest" taken in a child dancing-girl of the music-halls and Surrey-side theatres by an elderly Academician, whose loving days are past, and with the variation of his feeling as the girl blossoms into womanhood, as her talent develops, and as finally her light is mysteriously quenched, or obscured. The remaining story, "The Poet on the Wolds," consists of detached memoranda of a visit paid to a country house in Yorkshire by a character who is already familiar to readers of the "English Episodes." These notes consist of delicately-touched sketches of character and landscape, varied by the reflections of a ripe wisdom tinged with melancholy. In reference to this story, to "Orgeas and Miradou," and to the "New 'Marienbad Elegy,'" the latest story in his previous book, one is glad to note that Mr. Wedmore is tending to apply his delightful descriptive talent more and more to natural scenes. Such art as his, as it is applied to what is purest and best in man, is wasted on anything but what is fairest in the inanimate world, and the belief that this tendency of his later work will be confirmed lends additional keenness to our expectations of his next publications. We hope it is no breach of confidence to say that, amongst these, we await with special interest "The Collapse of the Penitent."

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

* "Orgeas and Miradou." (London: James Bowden.)

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.*

We do not blame Mr. Julian Corbett for doing all he can to give a weighty side to Mr. Taylor's narrative. Mr. Taylor's last chapter, treating of "Blockades of the Past and Future," is very serious and suggestive of speculation. Mr. Corbett's introduction is admirable. While ridiculing fussy anxiety

Portrait of Colonel Lamb. From "Running the Blockade." (Murray.)

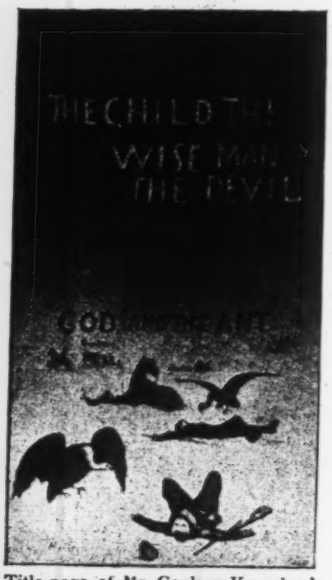
about the state of our navy, it is addressed to all such as are interested in the maintenance of British power. The conditions of blockade have changed since faster steamers, torpedo boats, and search lights have come into existence; but the new conditions have not so materially altered the relative dangers and advantages shared by blockaders and runners, thinks Mr. Taylor; and the subject in these agitated days needs thinking about. That is a finger-post to the serious reader. But it would be robbing Mr. Taylor of three-quarters of his audience did the idea go out that he

* "Running the Blockade." By Thomas E. Taylor. Maps and Illustrations. (Murray.)

had written with a technical purpose. His book is a magnificent story. Few of the boys' books issued just now can compete with it. The writer was a mere boy himself when he went through all these experiences, with all the reckless audacity of youth, though he had to learn, without much aid, the wary craft of a man. From Nassau in the Bahamas he ran the blockade at Wilmington in Carolina, under every disadvantage at first, for the ships were worthless, yet with such success and such tenacity that his little steamer alone was able to postpone Lee's surrender, and, it seemed at one time, was going to prevent it. Danger of every kind, from weather, from fire, from the Federal cruisers, he encountered; and though he and his firm had enormous stakes, and anxiety must have gnawed him many a dark night, he encountered them with even impudent gaiety. His plan was to venture everything, to go ahead, to bamboozle the Federals if possible, and then run in and have a good time with Colonel Lamb, the brave defender of Fort Fisher, and his other friends on shore. It was a trade for the young and the steady-nerved. Now in his mature years he looks back at it all and says, "Nothing I have ever experienced can compare with it. Hunting, pig-sticking, steeplechasing, big-game, shooting, polo—I have done a little of each—all have their thrilling moments, but none can approach running a blockade." His artless but spirited narrative must pass on to an impressionable reader some of his old thrill.

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN'S NEW BOOK.*

Mr. Heinemann has told us that the pulpit is the best advertising medium, and if this be true Mr. Coulson Kernahan has been fortunate beyond most of the writers of his day. His little books on religion have formed the text for many sermons. "God and the Ant" was discussed from half the pulpits of London, and wherever we go on Sundays we hear the praises of this companion volume. Mr. Kernahan must not on any account carry out the threat of his preface, to write no more books on religion. It is his special gift to stimulate the minds of Christian teachers, and although we may not agree with Dr. Horton that he is the Jean Paul Richter of England, there is no doubt that in this little volume he has given us work which deserves to live.



Title-page of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's New Book. (Bowden.)

It is an old, a weary, and an atheistical world which gathers in St. Peter's at Rome, for the declared purpose of renouncing the world's Redeemer. Busy excavators in Palestine have found in the rock-hewn sepulchre "the body of Him who declared that death had no dominion over Him." The description of this great international assembly, when monarchs and people turn away empty-hearted from an empty shrine, is the best piece of work that Mr. Kernahan has given us. No one can read these pages without emotion. But even better are the pictures of lonely hearts here and there in the world, when the Desire of all nations is withdrawn and there is nothing left to hope for. The dream of monotheism proves unsatisfying, and beneath the outward infidelity there rises constantly from wise and simple the prayer, "O think upon Thy congregation, which Thou hast purchased and redeemed of old." Our preachers have been wise in making much of Mr. Kernahan. Their *métier* is his, but the best have something to learn from him.

J. T. S.

* "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil." By Coulson Kernahan. (James Bowden.)

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.*

Hamerton during his lifetime exercised a great influence in his own country, and still more in America. He did not alter people's thoughts, but he set them thinking about thinking, or rather about a thoughtful and profitably ordered life. As an educator of the public taste in art he did a great deal, and mostly in the right direction. As an interpreter to his own country of France, the country of his adoption, his work was important and beneficent. To account for his influence is not quite so simple; for in nothing was he first-rate save in the earnestness of his convictions, in his serious purpose to get as much truth and beauty into his life as he had capacity for, and to give as much out. But his autobiography and the memoir by Mrs. Hamerton help towards a further explanation.

He was born as far removed from the kind of things and the influences his soul craved for as was possible; and he fought his way all along the line, through narrowness and false ideals, to what seemed to him a right philosophy of life and art. And indeed it was a fair and wholesome one he reached. Heir to no intellectual or artistic heritage, save his own native abilities, his progress was struggling and self-conscious. He was the better teacher.

His own personal history was seamed with painful incidents, and perhaps the wretched memories of his childhood and his own later suffering are enough to account for the extremely sober tone of the book. There is not a smile anywhere, save in the few bright letters from Stevenson which are given. If the *bonhomie* of the artist, the genial *flanerie* of the camper-out were his, they are carefully excluded from the very serious account of himself in these pages. He was a great worker, and the book speaks only of work. He had struggled himself free from the religious opinions of his surroundings, taking the matter very much to heart at the time. His schools were not of much use to him. His main studies were done outside them, and he became as great a heretic in education as in theology. Determined to be an artist, he sought for training, and what he got was so bad that worse could not be imagined. Ruskin's influence was growing to its height—so far as technique went, an influence incalculably harmful. "In the course of the year 1853," he writes, "I corresponded with Mr. Ruskin about my studies, and I have no doubt of the perfect sincerity of his advice and the kindness of intention with which it was given; but it tended directly to encourage the idea that art could be learned from nature, and that is an immense mistake. Nature does not teach art, or anything resembling it; she only provides materials. Art is a product of the human mind, the slow growth of centuries. If you reject this, and go to nature, you have to begin all over again, the objection being that one human life is not long enough for that." But he came slowly to that knowledge. He wasted valuable years, but he struggled into the light at last, became one of the most intelligent and catholic of art critics, a painstaking and most successful populariser of artistic methods and ideals. All the arts he practised he learnt late, save writing, and that is why he was fitter to discourse on them than many to whom their practice was more native. His many ambitions, his abundant curiosity, made his life a very full one, and the entries in his diaries of plans and resolutions are both awe-inspiring to the idlers and pathetic.

"Determined to-day to study the copper Albert Durer 80 hours, having given 83 to the wood-cuts. . . . I shall also give 40 hours to Kreutzer's violin studies, and have already practised them 24, which leaves 16. I shall now commence a course of poetical reading, beginning with 50 hours of Chaucer, etc."

It sounds pedantic. This, however, is how a teacher learns. It was not that he was lacking in spontaneity, but that he carried the faddy habits of studious youth all his life long, joining them to the anxious ambition of middle age. He preferred chronicling method to sentiment—perhaps he had not much of the latter, for after telling how a young lady rejected his offer of marriage, he says, with cold common sense, "I never could understand why men make themselves wretched after a refusal." If he had felt at all

* "Philip Gilbert Hamerton." An Autobiography, 1834-1858. And a Memoir by his Wife, 1858-1894. (Seeley.)

on the occasion he would have felt strongly, for whatever he did he did strenuously, whether it was boat-building, or etching, or reading for "The Intellectual Life," or writing criticism for the *Saturday Review*, or altering his house, or planning new works that should make plainer to others the things he loved and had found consolation in. It would be an inspiriting story, did it not also tell the terrible cost to his nervous system.

The life of this lover of woods, this hater of cities, should have had a less dry and rigid rendering. But there are romantic passages, and one of these describes the coming of his young bride from Paris to the little island of Innistrynich in Loch Awe, which was to be her home for years. There are glimpses of the many remarkable people with whom Hamerton was in communication, in spite of his hatred of London and other great cities—Browning, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, the painter Leslie, Stevenson, Tennyson, Vierge, Woolner, and others. But Hamerton himself is the interest of the book; and in too few biographies does one find so impressive a record of work, of conscientious endeavour, and high-minded strife.

A HERO OF THE DARK CONTINENT.*

To such as are naturally interested in foreign missionary effort, this book needs no recommendation. Mr. Scott was well known as an enthusiast too early lost to the service, and his biography is sure to attract notice in religious circles. For its account of the local political troubles that hindered every step of the Blantyre mission, and for its description of special difficulties for which missionaries need special equipment, the book should receive attention; and it will. But we venture to make appeal for it outside these naturally interested circles, inasmuch as it is the life of a stout-hearted, generous enthusiast—a man at all points, narrow in doctrine, perhaps, but broad and unusually unconventional in the practice of life.

From "A Hero of the Dark Continent." (Blackwood.)

Mr. Rankine has done his work well, save in the first chapter or two, which are commonplace and undistinctive. After Scott becomes an articulate being he lets him talk, and his thorough-going, generous, lively nature reveals itself with energy. "I think," he wrote as a boy, "all who lecture or write books ought to be mad about something or somebody, even though it be a delusion." Later, speaking in a letter home of the entertainments on board ship, he exclaims, "I like men who are fond of noble pieces and not parodies." When a native chief stood in the way of his usual ceaseless activity, he wrote, "I do not like sitting still with nothing particular to do—as here. How an African chief or courtier, or a Princes' Street man at home, manages to exist I don't know." They were terribly short-handed, and he wrote appealingly, "I don't know how many fellows at home are waiting for some internal 'call,' which is the same as to stop one's ears when the bugle is blowing, and listen to one's own semi-circular canals." His ceaseless efforts were a wonder to the mission, and he died at thirty-three. A strenuous, eager soul, unsparing to itself; a temperament rarely pure and unselfish; the genius of goodness was in him, and it is a privilege to read the record of his life, which belongs to no sect but to humanity.

* "A Hero of the Dark Continent." Memoirs of Rev. Wm. A. Scott. By W. H. Rankine. (Blackwood.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE HERB-MOON. A Fantasia. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)

We are here in very much better company than in the writer's last book, really very respectable company; and yet the difference does not express itself by dulness. "The Herb-Moon,"—this term means, by the way, a long courtship—is a good old-fashioned love-story, with a quite happy ending. Where the Fantasia comes in we don't know, unless in the witty monologues of Susan, or the conversations of Mrs. Triptree and Mrs. Crecy; mostly irrelevant these, but we would not miss them for the world. Mrs. Arden, the heroine, makes herself plain and unattractive, because she has a mad husband living in an asylum, and therefore mustn't be fallen in love with. But the thing happens; and then she has to go away, not to poverty, however, but to a luxurious home with a rich aunt, who is determined to settle her well when the inconvenient husband dies. Meanwhile her lover enlists, and goes off to danger and glory. When he comes home, a V. C., of course, she is free, and the Herb-moon is at end. Somehow we never really believed they were suffering agonies during the situation. Then there is another comfortable love-story. Rose's brother, an interesting selfish, idealistic and impossible musician, falls on his feet in an equally easy fashion. In the narrative, partly because of the wealth ready to drop into the needy persons' mouths, there is no great interest. But the characters either say subtle things or subtle things are said about them, and the fantastic interludes of the hand-maid Susan's wit are genuinely amusing. This is her way of condoling with a widow who had lost her husband:

"Oh, my dear, when I heard *that!* Well, there! it didn't seem quite right to say 'Thank God,' so I went to church three times the Sunday after and followed the Prayer-book most particular. I sang the Psalms so loud that Mrs. Triptree looked round as if I was drowning the choir. '*To Him which slew great kings; for His mercy endureth for ever!*' You should have heard me shout that. '*And Og, the king of Bashan: for His mercy endureth for ever!*' The Bible is a grand blessing when you can't trust yourself to speak natural."

RODNEY STONE. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

This must rank among the first four or five of Mr. Doyle's books. Perhaps only "Micah Clarke" and "Sherlock Holmes" surpass it. There is a certainty and a power in his dealing with English history that he never attains to when he seeks his theme abroad. "Rodney Stone" is a tale of the early part of this century, and will probably have

a sequel, as the hero at the end is only at the outset of his career, going off with Nelson to Trafalgar. Nelson is hardly needed for this story, but he gives the colour of the period, and we forgive any irrelevance if he is the link between this tale and the next. It is the Prize Ring, not the Navy, that is the inspirer of the book. The Ring is supposed just now to be very wholesome. At least an admiration for its past is held to check decadence. So be it. The fighting scenes are vigorous enough to please such as are interested in the Fancy; though we think greater dignity would have been given to the sport had Mr. Doyle allowed Jim to take part in the famous encounter with Wilson. No, the blacksmith's nephew had been discovered to be the heir to a peerage, and

From "Rodney Stone." (Smith, Elder and Co.)

the noble father refused his consent. But for the sake of the Ring, Mr. Doyle should have forced him. We confess to admiring the fighting scenes in ignorance. We feel ourselves on safer ground in applauding the writer's charitable and intelligent belief, often and diversely expressed in the course of the story, that, beneath the foolish foppery, and idleness, and frivolous eccentricities of the bucks of the day, lay the capability of something solid and noble and valiant.

IN THE KINGDOM OF KERRY, AND OTHER STORIES. By B. M. Croker. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

There are half a dozen or so stories here, all of them light and readable. They are sketches of Irish life that carry to us a faint, a very faint, suggestion of Miss Barlow. The best in matter is "Old Lady Ann," the story of two terribly decayed Irish gentlewomen, and the best in manner is the pathetic one, "Tim Brady's Boots." Mrs. Croker has done far more elaborate and painstaking work, but none of it has seemed to us so sympathetic as these slight sketches, that have the air of being drawn straight from the life.

THE STORY OF ALINE. By Mrs. Edward Ridley. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

The story of Aline was that she was hardly made of strong enough stuff for the tasks set her by life and by herself. Her marriage, her love, her friendships, her benevolence gave her pain, and to bear pain, to bear even deprivation of joy and light and sympathy, was more than she could bear with silent heroism. Her griefs affect us as do those of a child, who should have to endure none, and who has infinite capacities for suffering. The sufferings of sterner, braver natures, perhaps touch a deeper chord of pity; but such as she is, kind, gentle, hungering jealously for life, weak, and yet sympathetic, Mrs. Ridley has made her live for us. "The Story of Aline" is a fine piece of work, conceived by a sensitive understanding mind, and carried out with great delicacy.

THE RIDERS. By Ashmore Russan and Frederick Boyle. Illustrated by A. Pearse. 5s. (F. Warne.)

The interesting part of this capital book is history. The facts are taken mostly from "The War in Nicaragua," published in 1860, written by William Walker, an American soldier of fortune, the leader of the Filibusters, allies of the Red Cockades, in Nicaragua. That remarkable man, a born leader, keen of intellect, indomitable, has for the first time had his due. With about five hundred men he made head against the armies of Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica. As Dictator of Nicaragua, his rule was a just and fearless and statesman-like one, juster than was wanted, and he was baited and badgered, and forced to surrender. The British authorities handed him over, treacherously, say his friends, to the authorities of Honduras, by whom he was shot in 1860. Here is his defence. But his history makes but a small portion of the book. The heroes that are meant to interest us more are orchid-seekers in search of the beautiful *Cattleya*, during the troublous time when Red Cockades were struggling with White. Walker rescues them from a pack of ruffians about to string them up, and after that their path and his are the same for a time. Readers will have had no idea a botanical expedition could furnish material for so exciting a story, unless they have previously read the same authors' "Orchid-seekers in Borneo."

THE BAN OF THE GUBBE. By Cedric Dane Waldo. (W. Blackwood.)

This curiously-named story deals with a curse which has been laid on the family of an inoffensive Norwegian gentlemen named Janson by the King or "Gubbe" of a horrible tribe of sea-monsters some hundreds of years before the tale opens. This Mr. Janson is descended from a race of people called Fiskmänne, who had webbed hands and feet, and swam with the force and precision of a modern torpedo-catcher. We find him in treaty with the few remnants of these monsters—who have betaken themselves to a lonely Scottish coast—to have the ancestral curse removed. Mr. Waldo tries very hard to be uncanny, but succeeds in awakening in our minds some fleeting reminiscences of Hans Andersen and Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman." He is not in the least convincing, and we are compelled to say that an idea which in more skilful hands might at least have given the reader some pleasurable thrills, here quite fails to interest or amuse. There is a slight love episode bound up with the other part of the tale, which only reaches to some two hundred pages.

TAQUISARA. By Marion F. Crawford. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

Mr. Crawford has given us another delightful book, not, possibly, so graceful as some of its predecessors, but full of that facility and felicity of expression which he has made peculiarly his own. In the first volume the Princess Veronica Serra, a young Neopolitan heiress, is introduced to us in the ward of the Count and Countess Macomer, her uncle and aunt, a sinister pair who persuade the girl to make a will in their favour and then attempt to poison her. Thanks, however, to the timely intervention of a pet cat, who drinks the poisoned milk destined for his mistress, the attempt is abortive, and Veronica goes to live alone on her property at Muro. Here she becomes the Lady Bountiful and high-born socialist of the district, and falls in love with Taquisara, a young nobleman who is staying at Muro. We leave her at the end of the story about to enjoy the happiness she so well deserves. The mechanism of this story does not always run quite smoothly, nor is it possible to say much for the scope and balance of the plot; but we do not read Mr. Crawford for incident—his charm lies more in the way he tells us anything than in the thing he tells. Veronica is as delightful a girl as one could meet with in a whole library of novels, sedately sweet and winsome—a true princess. Her scamp of an uncle proves a sufficiently repulsive figure, but it is the remarkable study of his wife the Countess, a lady who bears a strong family likeness to the spouse of Macbeth, that interests us most. Mr. Crawford frankly accepts the fact that he is regarded as one of

the apostles of local colour, and he is by no means sparing in his descriptions of Italian people and their surroundings, but he does this kind of thing so superlatively well that it would not be fair to cavil unduly.

MANY CARGOES. By W. W. Jacobs. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

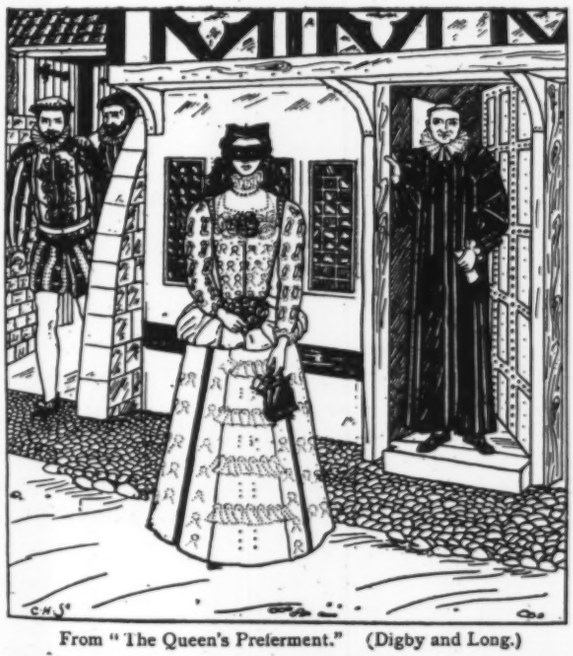
To all suffering from the depressing effects of long views of life, we recommend Mr. Jacobs as physician. If they dislike his prescription or his professional manner, then they are much in need of his attention. For the disease of over-subtlety, and the terrible malady of solemnity he is a specialist; and his cure is to make laughter. In the most obstinate cases he must produce a broad grin. The morbidly serious person may despise himself for relaxing, but relax he must—if "Many Cargoes" come to him accompanied by an hour's leisure—in the company of Mr. Jacobs's sea-faring wits and clowns, his fools and gay dogs, on ship board and on shore. Their fun is perhaps American rather than British in temper, but whatever its nationality, it is genuine and irresistible.

MY BROTHER. By Vincent Brown. Pierrot's Library. (Lane.)

So delicate, so genuine a piece of work as this comes into a reader's hands but seldom. Our respect for it steadily grew with every chapter, and respect is too cold a word to use for the warm feelings it rouses before the end. It is with no wish to discount the writer's originality, but merely to give readers a clue to the kind of book we are heartily recommending that we say it reminds us strongly of Miss Montresor's "Into the Highways and the Hedges," one of the very very few books of religious fiction, written in late years, that deserve remembrance. The heroes of both are of that strange little wonderful sect, followers in very truth of Jesus Christ. But Paul Penfold is no echo of any other hero of fiction. He is stamped with human reality. The description of his relations with the children, his love for them, his admiration for their audacity, his genuine, not quite pleasurable, wonder that they should find him "queer," could not be simpler or stronger; while the tale of the murderer's flight, and of his mother's uneasy wanderings with the secret in her breast that cost the world a saint, are proofs of the writer's power to deal with spiritual conflicts.

THE QUEEN'S PREFERMENT. By A. E. Aldington. Illustrated by H. A. Payne. (Digby and Long.)

Mr. Aldington is a promising writer of historical romance. He has chosen a popular period for the background of his



From "The Queen's Preferment." (Digby and Long.)

story, the days of Elizabeth, and his hero, Master Ratcliffe, is of the kind we are glad to follow through good fortune and ill. The Queen's service was no easy thing to him, and her preferment expressed itself less substantially than would have pleased him had he been more of a courtier and less of a hero. We should prefer to read it in a modern style, but Mr. Aldington has taken great pains to attain something like the speech of the period, and the artist in his quaint pictures has wisely followed suit.

AN IMPOSSIBLE PERSON. By Constance Cotterell. Autonym Library 1s. 6d. Unwin.

There is a great deal of human nature in this little story. Miss Cotterell is an expert. We have read it with real admiration and interest. It is all true, and very tragic. Elizabeth, the "impossible person," is an incarnation of passion; and she marries and glorifies a very ordinary man indeed. That man has our profoundest sympathy. When the sister, who understands him and his limitations perfectly, comes back to find his married state, there is a scene inimitably reported.

'"I call it a temple," he said. There was another silence. "And what part do I play?" asked Elaine, and broke it. "O, you're the priest. Close the temple for repairs; decree a week of abstaining from adoration; do *some*thing! There's a close time even for temples." "But this worshipper," said Elaine, deliberately, like a man making slow strokes with a hatchet, "must be shut inside." "She stultifies you," she went on. "You're not so much a man as a husband, and not so much a husband as a pocket god." . . .

'"Don't you like me to cry?" she [the impossible person] asked very gently. "Why do you always *ask* things," cried Lucas in irritation, "instead of *understanding?*"'

She would have cut herself in little pieces to please him. Her devotion was limitless as her stupidity. But than stupidity there is nothing more tragic. It is, in fact, the tragedy of the world.

BELOW THE SALT. By C. E. Raimond. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

It was not the most genial order of mind, perhaps, we saw working in "The New Moon" and "George Mandeville's Husband," but it was an extraordinarily clever one. The books gave us the enjoyment that comes of good, effective writing. Nothing flat, nothing banal, one felt sure could come from the same pen. And "Below the Salt" is neither. But it is distinctly beneath the writer's former level. She has set herself to the wrong kind of work. Persons "below the salt"—servants of various degrees—are probably known to her by sympathetic curiosity rather than by instinctive knowledge. "My dear," said the vicar in the last story, "the reason *we* are taken so much by surprise is that we have supposed the servant code and ours to be the same." This looks like the summing up a pamphlet-theory; and it is all wrong. There is no "servant code." A lover of generalisations may think so, but not a shrewdly-wise observer of his kind. This last story exhibits the lurking defect in this very able writer. The elements of a fine, generous story are there, in the woman who was a little less than a perfect servant that she might be a heroic mother. It is presented to us as a mean one. The secretiveness, the strange hoarding instinct—a hidden trait of insanity, of course—instead of being the subject of psychological analysis, are put down roughly to the "servant code." Nearly all the stories look as if they had come out of her own or her friends' experience. Her humour and her somewhat hard reasoning have played on the incidents, interpreting them more or less accurately, but not accurately enough, just for lack of some genial mellowness. Save in the first terrible study, "A Lucky Sixpence," there is little attempt at artistic treatment; but the amusing ones, "The Fatal Gift of Beauty," for instance, are very amusing. Where character is fair game for satire Miss Raimond is always successful.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

CAMPS, QUARTERS, AND CASUAL PLACES. By Archibald Forbes, LL.D.

Dr. Archibald Forbes writes like a man of energy and action, his style is vigorous and incisive, his narrative is as impetuous as his native river the Spey. Much travelled, shrewd, and wide-awake, he has seen many countries and

many men, and one is equally struck by his remarkable powers of observation and by his ability to relate in an interesting and original way his wide and varied experiences. Some of the articles included here deal with actual experiences, others are obviously imaginary, but it is sometimes difficult to know whether the writer is relating fact or fiction. The subjects run from "Miss Priest's Bride-cake" to the "Inner History of the Waterloo Campaign"; some papers are light and frolicsome, some are of genuine historical value; one of the most amusing is entitled "Reverencing the Golden Feet," and describes, with no little humour, Dr. Forbes' visit to the King of Burmah. "My Native Salmon River" must delight the heart of anglers, for it is full of angling enthusiasm, and many amusing yarns are brought in by the way. Very humorous is his reference here to a relative who died at the age of eighty-five. "Had he been a Southron he would have been said to have died full of years; but of my relative the local paper remarked in a touching obituary notice that 'he was cut off prematurely in the midst of his mature prime.'" "Bismarck" gives his impressions of Bismarck, whom he paints with all his warts. "If patriotism," he says, "consists in earnest efforts to advantage and aggrandise one's native land, *per fas aut nefas*, than Bismarck during the Franco-German war there never was a grander patriot"; and again he talks of his "ferocious bluster" and "truculent, bloodthirsty utterances." Other articles deal with military topics such as "German War Prayers," "A Version of Balaclava," "The Warfare of the Future."

SCARLET AND BLUE; or Songs for Soldiers and Sailors. By John Farmer. 5s. (Cassell.)

There is enough patriotic fire within these covers to set Europe ablaze. It is a capital collection, which does not even miss the lack of contributions from Mr. Kipling, for Burns, Scott, Dibdin, Lever, Campbell, and many lesser-known writers have filled it with their high spirits, their sentiment, and their enthusiasm. A number of songs specially belonging to the 93rd, the Dorsets, the Horse Guards, the Royal Engineers, and other regiments, have been added, which must increase the popularity of the song book in military circles. The scores have been simply and effectively arranged by Mr. Farmer.

ROUND ABOUT ARMENIA. By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. (S. Low.)

Among the numerous books on Armenia published lately there have been one or two of real importance, which Mr. Hodgetts' does not drive from the field. But there is not one more readable, and none we have seen quite so stalwart in its attitude towards Turkey. Mr. Hodgetts has not tried to suppress his opinions, which is wise, for suppressed opinions too often utter themselves in disingenuous evidence. He is sceptical about Russia, and says so. But his evidence, which does not all tell one way, is honest and courageous, and he holds a brief for no one. Merely as a record of travel in countries that are vexing us much just now, it is worth reading. But at the present moment it has another use, and the chapter on the "Resources and Economic Condition of Turkish Armenia" is of special interest and importance.

REMINISCENCES OF WALT WHITMAN. By William Sloane Kennedy. (Alexander Gardner, Paisley.)

There are no half-hearted Whitmanites, for "the Good Gray Poet" compels either repugnance or perfervid enthusiasm, so it is almost unnecessary to say that this Scoto-American, who publishes his reminiscences of the American poet through a Scottish house, is an out-and-out idolater. On the whole, Whitmanites will welcome his book, which, without having any great pretensions to literary elegance, is yet written in good taste, and conveys many fresh facts bearing upon the private life and character of Whitman. The volume is in three parts, the first giving memories of the poet and certain of his letters to the author, which are not of any great interest or value; the second, "Drift and Cumulus," and the third, "The Style of the 'Leaves of Grass'" are critical, and have wonderful elucidative value as bearing upon some of the poet's more transcendental passages. We get some idea of the prices Whitman got latterly for his verses. *Harper's* paid him pretty well, 100 dols. for "Song of the Redwood Tree," 50 dols. for the twenty-two line piece, "With Husky-haughty lips, O Sea," and 30 dols. for the nine-line piece, "Of that Blythe Throat of Thine." Later, in June, 1890, the poet wrote that he was now shut off by all the magazines in America and the *Nineteenth Century* in England, and "felt like closing house as a poet."

SOME MORE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

OXFORD CHARACTERS. Twenty-four Lithographs. By Will Rothenstein. With Text by F. York-Powell and Others. (Lane.)

Mr. Rothenstein's drawings of Oxford celebrities and popular characters are masterly. Without a taint of caricature, he has seized the elements of personality and the humours that make the chosen personages celebrities and popular characters. The pictures of Dr. Murray, Professor Max Müller, Mr. Robinson Ellis, Professor York Powell, Mr. Max Beerbohm, to name only a few, are inimitable, the union in each of simple strength of technique with a subtle reading of mood and character being exceedingly rare. Oxford would perhaps like to keep this collection for its own superior appreciation, but Mr. Rothenstein has given it to mankind. The book should revive interest in an art and process from which such fine results have been procured.

THE CHASE. By William Somerville. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 5s. net. (Redway.)

Mr. Thomson has proved himself a second Caldecott. His horses and hounds, his bluff hunters and fair huntresses are drawn in the most spirited and happy fashion; and no better inducement than his pictures could be given to lovers of sport to-day to tackle what seems at first sight only a pompous old poem. But Somerville, if he wrote after the fashion of his day, and too often in this style,

> "Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd isle,
> And heaven's peculiar care! To thee 'tis given," etc.

was so genuine a sportsman, that the fire of his pursuit broke through the pomposity of his verse-making moods, and gave vigorous glimpses of the happy days when the "concert of the kennel" invited him abroad. A memoir of the author appears by way of introduction. The book is bound and printed in excellent style,

INTAGLIO ENGRAVING ON GEMS. By Edward Renton. 3s. 6d. (Bell.)

Mr. Renton makes a practical appeal for attention to an art, not lost but far too much neglected. Its neglect is only one more sign of the decay of all ambition to produce things of exquisite and perfect workmanship that has marked our century. We are slowly struggling out of the slough of content with the slipshod, the blatant, and the cheaply effective. The writer does not speak merely as a connoisseur. He knows how to use the tools himself, and the most valuable part of his book consists of practical directions in the craft, which as he rightly points out, have been jealously omitted from other works on the subject. This is preceded by a short history of the art from the time of the cave-dwellers down to modern days, and by a series of beautiful designs taken from the very best specimens of gem-engraving in the world. By these fifteen designs alone the purchaser of the book would be well repaid. It is only mere gratitude to express our appreciation of the pretty cover given to the volume.

THACKERAY'S BALLADS AND SONGS. Illustrated by H. M. Brock. (Cassell.)

Thackeray's verse is made of the right stuff for a Christmas book. His gaiety and his sentiment are both seasonable. Does this generation know his ballads and songs well enough? One hears the melancholy ones called maudlin; but have we stronger food for pleasant melancholy to-day? To read them again is to rally to his following with loyalty and gratitude. In Mr. Brock was born, or to him was given, a right inspiration. His pictures are delightfully full of life.

PICTURES OF PEOPLE. By Charles Dana Gibson. 15s. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Gibson is a draughtsman of extraordinary power. American social life, American humour of the finer kinds,

American sentiment are made to live for us by his pen. He has none of the exclusiveness which marks even the best of our own black-and-white draughtsmen. Humanity appeals to him in many guises. For the reproduction of every drawing in this handsome volume there can be nothing but praise. It is a book to possess and treasure.

SCHILLER'S LAY OF THE BELL. Translated by A. G. Foster-Barham. With illustration by W. Alison-Phillips. 5s. net. (Unwin.)

Mr. Foster-Barham's translation is one of the best ever made of a much-translated poem. The illustrations are imitations from the German, but only one or two of them are successful, and the framework of bells used to decorate the pages grows monotonous.

HISTORIC CHURCHES OF PARIS. By W. F. Lonergan. Illustrated by B. S. Le Fanu, and from Photographs. (Downey.)

Mr. Lonergan's part in this handsome and valuable book has been done most satisfactorily. The proportions of his mixture of history, legend, and architecture are admirably planned. He has given us a book to read and not merely to refer to. For the pictures, we must frankly say we prefer the reproduction of photographs to Mr. Le Fanu's drawings. Careful as these are, they are too thin, they have no atmosphere about them. Regarded, however, not as pictures, but as helping to make plain the architectural exposition, they serve their purpose excellently.

SOME CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

FAIRY TALES FROM FINLAND. From the Swedish of Zach. Topelius. By Ella R. Christie. Illustrated by A. Holland. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

Even the merely domestic tales in this pretty collection, those of good children rewarded and bad ones reproved, have an air of romance about them. Their Finnish background and allusions supply that, without taking away the sympathetic homeliness from them. But there are adventure stories too, of children who journeyed in fairy-land, and held intercourse with strange and mostly delightful beings in wonderful countries, that had a way of being transformed back into their own familiar woods and meadows before the little folks began to feel homesick. "Knut Fairyflute" is as pretty a tale as a child could wish for or dream about.

DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS FOR CHILDREN. By Dr. Isaac Watts. With Coloured Pictures by Mrs. Arthur Gaskin. 3s. 6d. net. Matthew.

We believe they have grown unpopular, the Divine and Moral Songs on which our elders were fed in their youth, and that youngsters have been known to parody them with facile irreverence. This is not as it should be; and Mrs. Gaskin may undo some of the harm. The children in her pictures do not look as if they had been much repressed or chastened by their influence; in fact they are pretty little things, but look neither divine nor moral. Her style is Kate Greenaway's with a difference, and the difference is that the pictures are spottier. But they are charming, nevertheless, and the colours have been successfully dealt with by the printer. The book should create a Watts revival in every nursery.

THE PARADE. An Illustrated Gift Book for Boys and Girls. 1897. (Henry.)

Very grown-up and very modern grown-up and distinguished persons have written and made pictures for this volume; but let no careful-minded parents and guardians be anxious lest advanced views of life or style be insidiously instilled into their darlings' minds. Let them, on the contrary, buy and distribute widely a very charming, a very entertaining gift-book. John Oliver Hobbes tells a pretty fairy-story to her little son, and lets other children listen. She understands fairy-tales. We knew that of Mr. Laurence Housman before; but now we learn that over his weird pictures children will only be puzzled, not frightened. Mr. Max Beerbohm is here, and quite comfortably tame, while from Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Barry Pain, and Mrs. Molesworth, all lovers of childhood, we get some charming verses and stories. Fairy-land, the school-room, the wide world of adventure, offer satisfaction to many tastes. A distinguished group of artists have collaborated in the illustrations. These are of different schools, but all offer something to call out the admiration or wonderment of the lucky young people who at Christmas time will be the owners of this handsome, well-filled volume.

WYMPS, AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. By Evelyn Sharp. With Coloured Illustrations and a Cover by Mrs. Percy Dearmer. 4s. 6d. Lane.

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